

# THE NEW YORK MIRROR

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## "QUEENS OF TRUMPS."

BY LEWIS WINGFIELD.

"You can play no games of cards? Then you prepare for yourself a sad old age." So spoke, once on a time, a wise old gentleman; ay, and a kindly one too, for surely it was kind in him to pour forth the precepts of his experience for the benefit of vacuous youth? That old gentleman had made his mark in the world, and had looked into the dark cupboard, where all the cobwebs and bloated spiders and empty pomade-pots are; had examined the tapestry of life on both sides, and had found, as shrewd old gentleman will, that while one surface is comely enough, the other is but a confused jumble of untidy threads. He had gauged the wisdom of that hackneyed old speech of that tiresome old Solomon who is forever being thrust down our throats, and cried with him that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. The experience of his long life told him that woman is unstable and given to deceit; that man is sly and selfish; that the only living creature which may be trusted wholly and entirely is the dog; that we mortals, so soon as the elfin barriers of delusion are overthrown, must be sufficient unto ourselves, relying upon our own resources for wiling the last hours away. He knew this, the clever old gentleman; and so he abandoned himself to the fascinations of red and black, to the reckoning of pips, the counting of "what's out." Whist was the goddess whom he elected to worship in his declining years, and cribbage was her handmaid; and the old gentleman faded out of the world at last, sighing somewhat about trumps, clutching a court-card in his slackening grasp.

Now I am old—older far than he—and, therefore, wiser, of course, in the ratio of my years. You've heard of me, no doubt. My name is Parr—Thomas Parr, of Aldbury—rather a celebrity in my humble way, for I am a hundred and fifty-three years old, and hale and hearty still. I married my first wife when I was eighty-two, and—but this is a secret—was forced to do public penance in church at the age of a hundred and twenty for making too free with one Kate Milton; but then we were married shortly afterward, so everything is proper and decorous. But I'm best known through my pills—wonderful pills! You shall have a box in return for fifteen stamps. They'll make you years as many as mine, I'll guarantee that. But there, there! Some folks are so crooked and cross-grained—say that the ordinary span of existence is too heavy for their shoulders—complain and show querulous discontent. I've looked upon this world for a hundred and fifty-three Summers and have seen a queer thing or two, and enjoy my life still, albeit time does hang a little heavy on hand sometimes. But then I've lots of amusement in recalling what I've seen. I chew the cud of a century and a half. Retrospect is as bread and meat to me. I read books and laugh at them—silly books, written by silly people, about things which they've never seen, as I have, and then I lay them down and memory conjures up the events as they really were, and I go into day-dreams for hours and hours together. And then I play cards. Oh yes! Like that other old gentleman, I have no notion of a triste vieillesse. I play cards, but after a fashion of my own. A game invented by myself, wherein each card stands for an event; each picture for a personage who came and is gone. You know the game of patience? A game worked out by a single player with the help of a full pack. He shuffles and places the cards in a certain order, then shuffles again with solemn hocus-pocus and turns up a trump, and works the suits by cunning art till each takes sequence out of chaos, and lies in a little heap by itself. There are different games of patience—an infinite variety. There's one I'm fond of playing, which acts as a kind of aid to memory. I take down from a shelf within my brain a special class of persons who have lived and whom I've seen. I blow upon the pack upon the table, and with my breath there goes something into the senseless heap of squares which gives them color and meaning. They act on me and I on them, and things long forgotten take form once more, till oftentimes I'm fairly surprised myself. The first picture-card which shows itself is trumps, and, as I look at it, the ill-drawn eyes become very nature, soft and melting, or flashing and severe, or mocking and sarcastic, as the case may be; and I pore over those eyes, for they are familiar to me, and I rack my brain to discover to whom they once belonged, and as I search and delve the truth dawns slowly, and a whole troop of memories babble out a name. Come now! Here's a pack. For your behoof I'll blow on it and shuffle. From which pigeon-hole is the influence to come? What do you say? The purlious of Covent Garden and Old Drury, and those who moved and breathed there? Stage queens, you mean, who moped and mowed like dim shadows under the circles of tallow-dips, and fought and quarrelled and fretted out their souls, and schemed and hated as only women hate! You wish them to take form and substance as they lived, to display to you the color of their suit—red or black, according to the color of their hearts. Alas! I fear the black predominates, though some you'll find of the most vivid rose. But they shall speak for themselves, through me, their slyline interpreter. Shuffle them well; now cut; watch how I deal. The first picture-card, remember, and the next common one which follows it. See. A queen—of a red suit—

Each pip stands for a decade. That throws us back a hundred years or so. Ah! Those blue eyes; how well I know them. Chill, hmpid, calm; they speak of a life unruffled; and yet there's a tinge of trouble, a delicate veil of blurred indistinctness, which tells us that all was not quite smooth and even after all. Beautiful eyes, that in their coldness seem to have belonged to one who was too fair to worship, too divine to love. I know you well. Step forth—

ELIZABETH FARREN.

Hum! A bad deal to start with. Surely you shall find little that is amusing or instructive in the career of this lovely woman, who marched steadily to a distant goal without looking to the right hand or the left. A humdrum, staid, and proper life was hers. When you begged me to produce stage queens, you desired, of course, to survey those who tottered from puddle to puddle, too weak to stand alone, and who fell at last face-downward in the festering mud before their time to die, choked, forgotten, and forlorn. Well. Better luck next time. Elizabeth, whisper. Jog my memory. What do I see? A drunken Irish apothecary with a bottle nose. A poverty-stricken country shop with one broken chair, a few empty phials, and a squalid counter furnished meagrely. This is a ne'er-do-well, named Farren, who neglects his business—but a poor one at the best—to go gadding after the strollers whenever their drum and fife are heard within the village precincts. What happened to this ne'er-do-well? Just what might have been expected to take place. He was idle, and dissolute, and stage-struck, as many of his betters have been before and since. His mortar was empty, his pestle had naught to grind. This being the case, he flung them from him in a moment of disgust, and joined the first strolling company that passed, which turned out—ill-luck pursued him always—to be one of the very poorest in all the impoverished land. Heavens, what a company! and how scantily equipped with the war-paint of their trade. The person who played the Widow Brady (which is a breeches-part and should be dressed as a dashing bewitching cavalier) wore high-heeled shoes, bare legs, a shift, and an old great coat. No wonder if the poor thing caught cold from the draughts which swooped into the barn, ranted forth her lines with the voice of a hackney-coachman, and clothed her inner woman with alcohol. The gentleman who played Captain Plume in The Recruiting Officer, who was no other than our bibulous apothecary, was fain to attempt a martial exterior by borrowing the plush breeches (in exchange for a few orders) of the serving-man of the local rectory. After the first play the "juvenile lead" of the troupe was met in the green-room by the said serving-man, who came to reclaim his effects before they could be pawned, and who was astonished to perceive that so important a personage as the dramatic hero should be mousing up and down, to try and fix his words, in a soiled court-suit and shoes (borrowed from the Widow Brady), and that, like her, he wore no stockings. Why was this? he wondered. Sure play-actors ought to know more of town gentility than he, a country bumpkin; but it did seem odd to his ingenious mind that, while his own rector's legs were warmly clad in rusty wool, the representative of a town duke should elect to show so much flesh. Always anxious to learn, the honest fellow essayed to improve his mind; but his innocent attempt was met by a tart rejoinder. "Faix!" retorted the hero pettishly, "the wife's on—can't ye see?"—and has the stockings. When she comes off I'll slip a nimble leg into 'em in a jiffy, and nobody'll know. It's by the mercy of Providence that we don't appear in the same scenes."

Well, the bibulous one was tossed like a cork upon the waters and was happy; for there are waters and waters, and he preferred his strong, and made it his business to see that they were so. The wave at one time bore him from his native soil and landed him at Liverpool. In a penny gaff he strutted up and down as Jacques, Richard, what not; assuaging his drouth from time to time at a blind pub hard by, where a delicious Hebe tendered him his glass, mellowing his whisky to an amber hue by the occult glow of her smile. In the cosy back-bar, among the glistening pots, she listened to his aims, his ambitions, and his hopes. What to her then was a bottle-nose, a moistened lip? The ruddy fire on the hearth turned all to a rose-color for her, just as her presence flooded his battered life with sunshine. His nose was aquiline now, not red or bottle-shaped. 'Twas but the envious reflection from the embers. Don't you see him smoking his pipe at her expense and dipping that nose into the pot, and pinching her waist and blowing like a bellows; then rushing off to don a ringlet-wig, and stamp and roar while yokels stare? You think it all ridiculous. I don't. The man was bloated, ready to burst, with drink and enthusiasm and smoke. She, womanlike, was carried away by his cajoling. She was sublime during the one instant in which it is given to us in this life to be sublime—the instant wherein a lightning flash carries us up to heaven, to drop us by-and-by with a thud of numbing disillusion on the iron earth. She was sublime, because she saw in him a beautiful god, a dear lord with an aquiline nose, at whose feet it would be a joy to grovel on forever. He was sublime, because in the interval betwixt two gills of whisky he believed in himself and his star, and clasped the warm soft hand which was to point the way to heaven. Alas! what a thud was theirs. They married, and the scales fell from the vision of both. He beat her, because as an actress she turned out execrable. She revenged herself by becoming the mother of seven creatures who required food, and food was scarce in their society, as everything else was except misery. This was in 1759. Then he riposted, and his revenge was best, for it clung to her skirts like a burr which might not be shaken off. He died, and left her—a bad actress—with seven mouths to fill besides her own. And now Fate—hitherto so obdurate—smiled on the unhappy woman for a moment. Five mouths were closed. All her children joined their father except two. Had it not been so she must have succumbed; for, trudging as the strolling players did, more than two pairs of weary limbs to drag besides her own would have been too much.

The mother and her nestlings would have dropped beside the road and perished there, while the company of strollers marched on their rugged way, closing their ranks without daring to look back. As it was, Mrs. Farren played "utility" even in that humble troupe, and helped to carry the "properties" from town to town, as her two remaining children did as soon as they could stagger. There was Betsey, a bright-eyed little thing, staid beyond her years; who considered herself of vast importance, because it became her duty as well as privilege to bear the drum. Now, perhaps, you think that a drum is a drum, no more; a round, cumbersome instrument, which makes a hideous noise and is a bore to carry. This was quite another sort of drum. Know, oh ignorant individual, that strolling companies, in the days of which I speak, could not afford the printing of bills, through the medium of which to inform the lieges of their advent. When they entered a town they beat a drum, a patriarchal method of claiming attention; when they rose a little in the world they did as mortals always do—they kicked over the ladder by which they had mounted. In other words, they so soon as it was possible, if ever ignored the drum, printing at the bottom of their bills: "N. B. This company doth not beat a drum." At the moment which now occupies us, the strolling company which numbered the Farrens in its ranks was very far from being ashamed of the drum. On the contrary, it was for these wanderers the voice through whose charming pennies were to be lured out of closed pockets. Hence the bearer of the drum was an important personage, whom it behoved to be duly conscious of the responsibility. Hence, also, through many a weary day the tiny spindle-shanked Betsey struggled along manfully with the precious ponderous fetish on her head, and the consternation was correspondingly awful, swelling the throbbing souls of all with woe, when she tumbled down and dropped it. On one occasion, indeed, despair threatened direful consequences, for it began to pour with rain, and there was no cover; but the tiny Betsey was equal to the emergency, for in her piping childish treble she screamed, "Quick, Billy! Cover me with the fat alderman!" which was promptly done, and the pigskin saved from injury. It may be well to explain that the "fat alderman" was a full length portrait used in the play of The West Indian, under whose ponderous bulk one of the actors stumpled, like another Sampson bearing a gate of Gaza. When the tide gets to the lowest ebb it must needs turn. Up to this point the airy levity of comedy served as breakfast to the Farrens, while the sober dignity of tragedy supplied the place of the more solid delights of a good dinner. The two children were careworn, hollow eyed, pinched mites; their mother (whom a buxom, bright-eyed barmaid—a broken-backed, weary woman. Hunger robbed the little maidens of their roses—their parent, of all energy. At this juncture they toiled back again to Liverpool, where, by good fortune, the attention of Mr. Younger was drawn to their state of penury. He—patentee of the Theatre Royal—engaged the family en bloc out of pure charity; Kitty afterwards Mrs. Knight of Covent Garden, as chambermaid; Betsey, as general utility; Mrs. Farren, as keeper of the wardrobe. So far so good. The wolf was driven from the door, and the maidens regained their roses. All should now have been well. A hot joint once a week was an attainable luxury. Deft stews were possible on other days. But the soul of Betsey soared above stews. Taking advantage of his kindness, she strode one day into the sanctum of Mr. Younger and demanded, with chin in air, to be raised out of the slough of "utility." Fancy being useful—nothing else; how crushing to feminine pride! He laughed, saying that she was a chit, a mere slip of a child, who would fill out some day and do honor to her progenitors. She replied, with withering hauteur: "I am fifteen, and I want to be leading lady." Again the manager laughed. She was a quaint child, skinny and old fashioned; but she should have her way, for mere fun's sake. "What would you like to play, you imp?" Her cheek was hectic now, and, pressing both hands upon her bosom, to quell the fluttering there, she murmured, bobbing an abashed curtsy, "Oh! if you please, Rosetta!" Love in a Village was duly announced. None of the actresses were jealous of the scraggy thing, so they all elected to be kind for once, and provided each a garment or a bauble for the effective bedizen of the debutante. She appeared, and was not a failure, which was tantamount to a negative success; passed on to Chester and to Shrewsbury, playing all the range of tragedy as well as of comedy. Her patron, Mr. Younger, then wrote to the elder Coleman, begging for an opening for his old protegee in London. She came; made a first appearance at the little theatre in the Haymarket as Miss Hardcastle. "A useful though stuck-up bit of goods," decided Coleman, whose judgment, for so clever a man, was singularly untrustworthy. A professional critic of the time wrote: "The person of Miss Farren is genteel and above the common height; her face, full of expression; her voice, clear, if sharp; her action, very awkward. She displays the desultory burlesque style of the country barn; but this is a relief from the buckramed motions and constrained manners of the painted puppets of Drury Lane and Covent Garden." Although pronounced far from perfect, her debut produced an engagement at a Winter theatre. Covent Garden took her in for a short while; then, when her friend Younger became stage-manager of the opposition house, she removed to Drury Lane, and remained all through her theatrical career. During the coalition which united the two rivals in a temporary embrace, she played at both houses—Juliet, the Fair Circassian, all the tragic roles; wherein she was set down as "passable."

Mrs. Abington at this time usurped all the high-comedy plums. The public declared that there was but one Comedy and that Abington was her only property; when Abington died or retired, Comedy would die too; and so forth, after the foolish malapert fashion of idle praters who never can discern the difference between that which is a principle and must stand along with Time, and mere passing human flowers of illustration which fade as all that is human must fade and rot, and give place in turn to fresher and more modish blossoms. The Abington transferred her allegiance to the other house. Betsey saw her advantage, and, like a cool clear-headed girl, seized it. Coleman's own comedy of Separate Maintenance was to be performed; but its appearance was delayed because, in the absence of the Abington, there was no one fit to cope with the difficulties of Lady Newbury. "I'll play it!" cried confident Betsey, who was speedily snubbed by the author, who took the opportunity to let her know that she was too raw boned, awkward, and illiterate to presume to assume the character of

a fine lady. Betsey blushed up and bit her lip, but had her way in spite of Coleman. Faut de mieux she appeared as Lady Newbury, and took the town by storm, though critics still mumbled that her thinness was a prodigy; that her elbows were scarifying to the sight; that her byplay was excessive, her play of feature mere grimace, her voice thin and weak.

One success will not make a reputation. Miss Farren made a second attempt, and by her Lady Townley fixed her position for ever. Even the incomparable Abington, people declared, was incapable of anything more refined than this. What romance! What delicacy of gradation! what breeding! Where did the hussy get it from? Not from the apothecary surely? Then rumor, as rumor always does with regard to successful people, went to work. "My dear," one whispered behind a fan, "it's a royal bastard. It's a love-child of the Marquis of Carabas, my darling; and folks do say—so and forth, and soon, as usual. But Betsey remained calm and dignified and statuesque, as unmoved by homage as by hunger. With mamma and Kitty she abode in Suffolk street, and wrote with a gleeful elan, unusual in one so cold, to a friend at Liverpool. "Actually, my love, we have meat every day! This day it is to be shoulder of mutton, cooked in a brown dish, upon potatoes, and a mug of porter!" Acme of felicity! Culmination of luxury! Sybaritic joy! But after the fashion of the dear ladies—and of all human nature, for that matter—she didn't tell quite the whole truth. The family had meat every day, no doubt; but could not be expected to soar seven times per week to the glorious dignity of a joint and potatoes. Mrs. Farren, mother and duenna and femme de menage, let the secret out one morning when, in the middle of rehearsal, she adjured her child to come home at once, lest "it should get cold. I've sat on it, to keep it hot," she murmured plaintively, "but it's growing cold in spite of me!" which singular and enigmatical announcement was too much for the curiosity of the company, who forthwith proceeded to probe the hapless lady, and brought to light the fact that she was in the habit of purchasing slices of hot meat at an a-la-mode beef-shop round the corner, and that she wore a pocket lined with tin under her hoops, "lest the gravy should all dribble away whilst I'm waiting for my pet."

But despite undignified and homely episodes, Betsey marched ever onward, straight and prim, serene and haughty. As she was the recognized rival of the worshipful Abington, it was only natural that to her too, an altar should be erected. Notes poured in from her, jewelry, gorgeous gifts, money. All the sharks vied with each other as to who should win and wear the icicle. Charles James Fox panted and puffed for her. On what terms would she be his own—his very own? On none, replied the scornful maid. The more scornful, the more he puffed and panted. There is no telling to what ends passion might have pushed him, had not his flame been in mercy suddenly chilled and nipped in the bud by an untoward circumstance. The fragile Betsey showed herself in a breeches-part—Charlotte, in The Suicide. Fox was heard to groan in anguish, both loud and deep. "D—n it! A growing lot of fifteen, upon my honor. She is as straight as a board, and her limbs are like two sugar-loaves!" And from that harrowing moment Charles James darkened her doors no more. She was delighted, for such homage merely pained and annoyed her. In the natural course of things her lovers, as a rule, were stout because she was thin—Charles James, Lord Derby, (known as the Obese Earl), Palmer, the comedian, and a host of others more or less rotund. It is said that her henr spoke once, or rather tried to speak, with futile flutter, in favor, not of earl or minister, but of her fellow on the boards. One day the comedian was late at rehearsal. Betsey turned white and red. Presently she sprang from her seat, crying, "He has arrived; I know him by his tread!" and then became deadly pale. Everybody laughed. She scowled. The leading lady did not act that night, and shunned poor Palmer for many a week to come. She was not content to batten on such carrion, but aimed at higher game.

And she fished with skill. The singular purity of her private life, combined with so much talent and beauty, drew the attention of jaded fine ladies as well as of amorous fine gentlemen. She became the fashion. My ladies Dorothea Thompson and Cecilia Johnson took her up, procured for her the odd position of "stage-manager to the Duke of Richmond's theatricals," gave teas in her honor, afforded to the apothecary's child opportunities of studying high life, of which she was not slow to avail herself. She moved now to a gorgeous house in Green street, and people whispered that that was in order to be within a stone's throw of the obese earl, who lived hard by in Grosvenor Square. She was said, too, to be cold and calculating, and ungrateful to old friends; but then she was unduly prosperous, and enjoyed in consequence the envy of many. At all events, her life was of the purest. She never went anywhere without mamma, who trudged humbly in the extreme distance, but always within sight; and lynx-eyed Lord Derby made it the occupation of his life to escort his adored to rehearsal and back again. Many a time he trotted by her side, wheezing, and sighing forth soft tales at a jog-trot, whilst she strode firmly on without a smile. At last, taking his courage in both hands, he blurted out something about a carte blanche and the usual etceteras; and she stood stock still, with frowning brow and both arms crossed over a virgin breast, and, looking down, scorched her stout admirer into nothingness. The citadel was not to be carried that way. The delicately chiseled nostrils were distended by rage. With humble protestations and abject groveling he muttered that she should be his lady so soon as his odious wife died, from whom he had long lived separate, if now—To which compromise the marble damsel replied curtly, and without emotion, "When she dies it will be full time to think of it," and left him heart-broken on the doorstep. But though so frigid, she pinned him like a butterfly with all her female arts. For eight years—no more, no less—a footman knocked at her door each day to know how Miss Farren had slept; and if she had chanced to suffer from even a trivial ailment, the obese one fell straightway into fits and tore his wig. I vow that it was the most comical of courtships and rendered none the less comical by the complications of a contretemps. When my lord had the gout or was engaged elsewhere, his son, Lord Stanley (a puny strip of a lordling), was bidden to escort the diva home. What should possess the perverse youth but a burning desire to make love to his future mamma-in-law upon his own account! What a kettle of fish it might have been! But she withered him as she had withered his papa, and marched on and waited with composure as only so cold-blooded a woman could. Yet there were

moments when even her heart wavered. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. The children of Hope are the children, too, of Fear. She was seized by an unconquerable desire to dive behind the curtain of futurity. There was a certain pauper in Shoreditch Workhouse at that time who was cunning as a student of the stars—a lunatic or an enthusiast. Even royalty consulted the seer, under the cover of night. Gamblers hung about the workhouse in the hope of hearing the winning numbers of a lottery; lovers flocked thither to read their future; speculators, giddy girls, and boys. The towering figure of Betsey was seen gliding to Shoreditch. She entered the workhouse, and came forth comforted. The seer had said that shortly she would wear a coronet. True enough. When she got home she found a note pinned to the cushion by the silver mirror, among the thousand and one gimcracks, wherein the obese earl with renewed vows and contortions of affection announced that "that accursed woman was gone at last." The moment for which Betsey had schemed, through all those weary years, was come. Society wondered whether the earl would dare to keep his promise true. His Grace of Bolton, a long time ago, had transformed Polly Peachum into a live duchess, but that was not to be accepted as a precedent. Would Miss Farren be raised to the dignity of Countess of Derby, and quit the boards? Doubts were soon laid at rest, for her farewell was announced to take place without delay—May, 1797. She was to make her last bow as Lady Teazle, and all the rank and fashion flocked to see the sight, much as, in the remembrance of ordinary mortals, all the world flocked to look their last on Miss Kate Terry, who died, to the anguish of the public, as Juliet, and then revived in private life a golden phoenix, to the joy of a host of admiring friends. Everybody wept pints; the dressers howled; the supers gurgled. The green-room was suggestive of influenza. It was a sight, so some frantic person wrote, "to wring drops of dulcet sorrow from the cheek of frozen apathy;" but the tide of enthusiasm was somewhat checked by the meanness of her ladyship, who, with condescending pomp, called up the boy-page whose duty it had been to bear her train nightly from the green-room to the wings, and nobly bestowed upon him half-a-crown! But that was merely an episode which smirched her triumph for a second. My Lord was so enchanted that he had an attack of gout, which nearly left his place open for the "puny lordling," but recovered in time to lend his bride to the altar with indecent haste—an altar improvised in his dressing-room at Grosvenor Square, after which the happy couple retired to his lordship's seat, near Epsom, for the honeymoon. But this singular story had a strange end, which is big with meaning. For eighteen years had the lovers been steadfast in their faith. After two days of honeymoon they returned to town and gaiety and the busy throng, and it was remarked by those whose business it was to watch, that my lord and my lady always sat up at cards till four.

The victorious princess in white satin marched straight to her goal, the culminating altitude of which was not even reached yet.

Her ladyship, though she smelt of orange-peel and sawdust, was presented at Court, and was even received graciously by the frigid and aggressive Charlotte; but, alas! the odor of the orange-peel was not to be washed out. "Ma'am," said her ladyship, with a prodigious curtsy, "I have the distinguished honor of appearing before your Majesty this evening in a new and original character." The sharp nose of Charlotte was puckered with wrinkles; the maids of honor tittered. But he (and she too) laughs best who laughs last. Betsey had played her game with steadfast care and won it. She made for herself a salon, and wore the family jewels with consummate ease and grace. She held the train of the Princess Royal at her marriage. Of the charming countess a pamphleteer and poetaster drivelled thus:

"Pause! View the juvenile adventurer on the great theatre of the world engaged in the line of life most favorable to the meretricious allurements of folly. Should a person so situated diverge from the line of rectitude, no rigid portion of severity could be exercised by the candid mind on viewing the slippery situation of the object of its contemplation. Let detraction blush and youth be instructed!"

"While wondering angels as they looked from high  
Observed thine absence with a holy sigh,  
To them a bright exalted seraph said:  
"Blame not the conduct of the absent maid!  
She goes with every virtuous thought im-  
pressed—  
Heaven on her face and Heaven within her  
breast!"

For my part, I contemplate, and blush all over, and am instructed. Here is a stage-queen for you—or a red suit—which? Evidently a queen of diamonds.

The beast-master connected with Slava's Menagerie at Nancy had the other day just concluded his tricks with the panthers, when a lion in the neighboring cage broke down the iron bars which divided him from the panthers and burst into the midst of the latter. The panthers immediately attacked the intruder, and one of them ripped open the belly of the lion, who howled fearfully with the pain. Slava never lost his presence of mind in the midst of this terrible scene. He drove the panthers into another cage, keeping back the one which had wounded the lion, allowing him, rightly or wrongly, to complete his work, which he did by breaking the ribs of the lion and ultimately killing him. Ever since this episode the wild beasts have been in an extraordinary excitement, rendering them quite incapable of their ordinary performances.

## POET AND ACTRESS.

BY CLARENCE C. BULL.

When Avon's Bard his sweetest music scored,  
A woman's vision with the numbers blent;  
His weaving fancy robed the form adored,  
And each the other equal beauty lent.

O Poet! dost thou thus haply see again,  
In living presence playful Rosalind,  
Sweet Viola, and subtly Imogen,  
Fair Juliet swept by passion's withering  
wind;

'Twas thine to give the music-mated lines,  
But heaven alone empowers the counterpart  
To walk in splendor where such genius shines.  
Twice happy we, blest heirs of dual art!

To own as mother-tongue Will Shakespeare's  
wit,  
To live when kindling Neilson voices it.



# DRAMA IN THE STATES.

## DOINGS OF PLAYER FOLK ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

### Mirror Letter-List.

The NEW YORK MIRROR has a department for the reception and forwarding of letters. Members of the Profession can register their names and addresses and have their mail matter forwarded daily, free of charge, saving delay. Only such letters are advertised as require stamps, or where the address is unknown.

A. O. Mrs. Ackerman, Irene Allen, W. U. Allen, Eloise Brand, Michael Brown, Harry M. (3) Barrett, Lawrence (3) Belden, Clara Blanchett, C. E. Boissert, M. Armand Carroll, J. W. (2) Cavendish, Ada Cone, Spencer Chandos, Alice Church, Edw. A. Conley & Barth. Claxton, Kate Clarke, Harry Darcey, Marion Dobson, Frank De Castro, M. Davis, C. L. (2) De Este, Helen Dunn, Julia E. Duncan, W. T. Emmet, J. K. Elmore, Florence Emendorf, W. C. Fuller, George Florence, W. J. Gayler, Frank (2) Gray & Wolfsohn Goodman, N. Grey, Miss Amy (2) Green, C. S. Gillette, Will. Hudson, Alfred Howitt, Belle Hall, Clinton Hovey, F. W. (2) Howard, John Ingersoll, Robert Ingraham, F.

### DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

ADELAIDE NELSON, San Francisco, DALY'S ARABIAN NIGHT CO., Chicago this week. DALY'S ROYAL MIDDY, Milwaukee July 1, 2, 3. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S "PIRATES," "C" Co., Minneapolis July 1, 2, 3; St. Paul 5, 6, 7; Winona 8; Madison 9; Pon du Lac 10. GEO. HOLLAND'S COMB., Jacksonville July 1; Pekin 2; Rock Island 3; Chicago 5, two weeks. HAVELY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS, Utica 30; Troy July 1; Albany 3; Brooklyn five weeks. HAVELY'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS, New York this and next week. MITCHELL'S PLEASURE PARTY, New York this week. MAH'S OPERA CO., Chicago this week. NEIL BURGESS'S WIDOW BEDDOTT COMB., Georgetown, Col. July 2 and 3; Leadville 5th, one week. TONY DEXTER'S HUMPTY DUMPTY CO., Rock Island July 1; Sterling 2, Aurora 3, and close season of 46 weeks. TONY PASTOR'S COMB., St. Paul July 1, 2, 3.

### Boston.

Globe Theatre: Closed. Park Theatre: Closed. Boston Museum: Closed. Howard Atheneum: Closed. Gaiety Theatre: Closed. Novelty Theatre: Closed. Music Hall: Closed. Burt Watson's Specialty Troupe is the attraction at the Boylston Museum. The co. consists of Irene Santella, Alice Hale, Carrie Wolloughby, Tony Williams, Al Decker, Bobby Williams, Burt Watson, etc. Great crowds visited the Forrest and Oakland Gardens. At the Forrest The Spanish Students were received with great applause and their delightful music is as fascinating as ever. Little Corinne and co. are at the Oakland Gardens appearing in Cinderella. Items: Mr. Nat Childs, formerly Dramatic Editor of the Traveler, is engaged as advance agent with the Janauschek comb. Both Mme. Janauschek and Mr. Childs are to be congratulated upon the engagement. Tom Burns and wife and George Wilson and wife will pass the Summer months in Kittery, Me. Mr. Burns is re-engaged with the Galley Slave comb.—Edward E. Rice received a grand ovation at the Boston Theatre on Wednesday night. Over two hundred artists volunteered their services, appearing in Evangeline.—John F. Sheridan goes out with Mr. Rice next season as one of his principal comedians.—Mr. Fred Pillot, manager of Janauschek comb., is in Boston making engagements for next season. Lizzie Creese, Frank Cotter, Mr. and Mrs. Carhart are already engaged. Mrs. Thomas Barry, who had been the leading lady of the Boston Theatre for the past seven seasons, it is reported, does not return to that establishment next season. Mrs. Barry will be greatly missed by the Boston public. Mrs. Penoyer also is not engaged for next season. George Parkes and Herbert Cripps have gone to the "Maplewood." Bethlehem, for the summer. Little Corinne will inaugurate the season at the new theatre on Revere Beach. Emmie Wilnot has taken a cottage at Ocean Spring. T. H. Ring is at the M. comomo House, Manchester-by-the-sea. Mrs. Charles Mendern (daughter of Mrs. John Drown) is visiting her husband's relatives at Mount Pleasant. Willie Edouin and wife are at the Norfolk House. James F. Mahitt is at his residence in Mt. Pleasant.

### Chicago.

Haverly's: Tony Pastor's over-popular variety co. has held forth during this week. His attractions consisted of The Three Rains, who are very good and introduce a rather novel act; French Twin Sisters, Tony Pastor, who is always acceptable and funny; Bryant and Hoey in their old yet musical melange; St. Felix Sisters, Harry and John Kernell, who dish up very stale jokes, which are not quite old enough to be forgotten, but just old enough to be remembered; The Four Eccentrics, who present a very funny appearance and excite great laughter; Charles Diamond, the Milwaukee Minstrel, with his egotistic air and nothing new; Miss Fannie Beane, Charles Gilday and Bonnie Rummels, who tries to be funny as a Dutchman, but succeeds very badly. He is probably the worst Dutchman it has ever been my misfortune to see on any stage. Flora Moore in negro melodies, at which she has no rival; Little Eva French, who with the assistance of Frank Girard gives a scene from Pinafore; this little child is quite a

prodigy, and will no doubt succeed in making her mark, and Lina Tettenborn. The car scene from Tony Pastor's burlesque on the Tourists was presented with all the olio in the cast. The Bad Actor was given very naturally by Charles Gilday. Sunday, June 27, Tony Pastor's co.; Monday, June 18, An Arabian Night—Augustin Daly's new comedy—by Mr. Daly's co., consisting of John Drew, Henry Lacy, E. P. Wilkes, George Parkes, Charles Leclercq, Frank Bennett, Ada Rehan, Blanche Weaver, Mrs. Charles Poole, Catharine Lewis and Mary Sylvie.

Hooley's: Very properly at this house, after Victims of Faro and such kindred pieces comes Kerry Gow with its talented horse, doves and other claptrap, assisted by Mr. Joseph Murphy and numberless redcoats. It is astonishing what a hold on a certain class of theatregoers this piece has. Mr. Murphy (not the horse) is a very fair comedian and in a good piece might make an artistic success, although it is evident that he don't wish to try any experiments, but is perfectly willing to stick to the ship that has carried him over the stream and into financial prosperity. Miss M. Ludski Young was his principal support and what she had to do was done creditably. The other members of the co. were passably good. The manager of this theatre makes a great mistake in presenting plays that are only suitable for Academy of Music, Lyceum or Halsted street Opera House audiences. Many patronize the house on the strength of its past record, relying on Mr. Hooley to select the attraction. The number so influenced is getting beautifully less every day. It is to be hoped that this veteran manager will see the error of his ways and restore this really pretty little theatre to its proper place as a first-class house of amusement. Monday, June 28, Joseph Murphy in Shaun Rhue.

McVicker's: Mahi's Comic Opera Co. have appeared during this week in Franz Von Suppe's comic opera Boccaccio to fair business. This co. lacks male voices greatly. With the exception of Vincent Hogan and Fred Dixon there is not one good male voice. Eugene Clark was very bad both in his music and lines. W. A. Morgan strutted awkwardly and sang poorly all through the performances, much to the disgust of the suffering but patient audiences. Among the ladies Alice Hosmer as Fiammetta made a very good impression and scored the hit in the piece. This lady has a delightfully sweet, although not very powerful, voice and as the coquettish Fiammetta fully came up to the requirements of her role. Next in order of vocal merit I would name Hattie Richardson, who assumed Beatrice, daughter of Scialza the barber. Her rendition of what little she had to do was correct and gave good satisfaction. Miss Jeannie Minston, although evidently not in good voice as Boccaccio, was very good as to acting, but only medium otherwise. She had the appearance of slighting her part, but in several instances created a good impression, which was evidenced by encores. Misses Fanny Prestige and Marie Somerville both deserve particular mention. If Mr. Mahon is really in earnest and wishes to offer a well balanced entertainment he will engage some good singers of the stronger sex instead of trying to force on the public such talent (?) as W. A. Morgan, Eugene Clark, Walter Hudson, etc., etc., all of whom are no doubt pleasant gentlemen, but very properly not appreciated by the public. The chorus and scenic arrangements were very fine, as in fact they always are at this house. Monday, June 28, Mahi's co. in Boccaccio; Monday, July 5, Fiammetta by the same co.

Lyceum: Louis Lord in the spectacular drama The Sea of Ice, with new and gorgeous scenery seen in the bills only. I have not been able to ascertain whether any performances will be given next week or not. National: June 28, Mattie Vickers and Charles Rogers will try a-starring again. They may turn out to be shooting or falling stars, but they have gotten so used to it by this time that they don't mind it a bit. A dramatic and musical piece entitled The Players will be presented, which will be preceded by a sketch called Love in Livery. Olympic: Dalziel's Star Dramatic Company have appeared in a piece entitled on the playbills circulated by Mr. Dalziel Tortured to Death, a screaming sensational comedy from the Grand Parisian success, Le Supplice d'un Homme. Mr. Dalziel's co. is much better than the piece, as it includes Dickie Lingard, Ed. J. Buckley, Roland Reed, N. M. Brown, Flora Newton, May Eldridge and Nellie Thorne. Business has been very light. Next week Green Demon, a spectacular piece, will be produced under the management of Ed. Banett. A full corps de ballet has been engaged, and something grand in the way of scenic effects is promised. Roland Reed and E. J. Buckley will appear in the farce Box and Cox before the Green Demon with its gorgeous scenery has had a chance to dazzle the audiences.

Halstead Street Opera House: James A. Devlin has put in an engagement in waiting for the Verdict. His support were John R. Allen, E. B. Marden, W. H. Gould, Minnie Edlington and others. The business was rather good, and the acting was a little better than is usual at this place, which, of course, cannot be construed as very much of a compliment. Mr. Devlin was advertised as the recipient of a benefit Saturday night. "A grand double bill" is advertised for Monday, June 28, with Lewis Warwick and Eva Vincent in Never too Late to Mend.

Items: One of the events of the week has been the benefit of William J. Davis, Haverly's able lieutenant, at Central Music Hall. The beneficiary's many friends turned out in large numbers and gave him a substantial evidence of their regard. Mr. D. is very popular and deservedly so. The original Church Choir Pinafore co. (with one exception) volunteered for the occasion and appeared in Pinafore.—George Hollands comb. playing the new comedy Our Gentlemen Friend appears at Hooley's.—It is reported that Manager Hooley writes from the East that he has been successful in procuring unusually strong attractions for next season. I trust that this news is authentic and wish Mr. Hooley any success that his new departure may merit.—Mr. Dalziel is desirous of getting satisfaction out of Mr. Frank Fleury of Springfield for his ungentlemanly conduct towards him as manager of Oaken Hearts comb. and therefore sues him for \$400. Mr. Dalziel leaves for New York next week to look out for attractions.—Tony Pastor's co. leaves for Milwaukee Monday next.—Miss Affie Weaver, a great Chicago favorite, will play at Hooley's with George Holland's comb.—The acquittal of the murderer Currie brings forth from the members of the profession here expressions of great disgust and displeasure.—McVicker's Theatre will close the week after next for repairs. The house will be repainted and decorated. A new drop curtain will be put in. It will be reopened in about a month. Mr. Horace McVicker reports this

season as being a very profitable one, all the engagements excepting two having proved remunerative.—The baby, the principal attraction of Dalziel's Oaken Hearts comb., is dead. Its name was Mabel Dakeu and it was a bright-eyed and attractive little thing. It had delighted many with its cunning, but is no doubt happier now among the angels.—Augustin Daly is in town giving personal supervision to the production of his Modern Arabian Night at Haverly's.—The work of reconstruction at the Grand Opera House (late Hamilton's) is progressing favorably.—Luke Martin, now with Joseph Murphy, joins the Agnes Robertson troupe next season.—Manager Sprague is at present in town.—Daly has two sets of bills out, one announcing Miss Catharine Lewis and the other advertising Miss Maggie Harold as going to assume the part of Rose of Yucatan in his new comedy.

### San Francisco.

The second week of Miss Neilson's engagement at Baldwin's, though more prosperous than the first, is far from satisfactory to the management. Up to date, I am told, the receipts will not average \$600 a night. Mr. Maguire has only himself to blame for this. In raising the prices for this engagement, at a season, too, when the moneyed element absents itself from the city in search of more congenial enjoyment than patronizing the drama in hot-houses, so to say. The manager of the Baldwin effectively cut his own wind, and if he has not discovered this unpleasant fact ere this, it is my opinion he will do so before the week is out. Baldwin's has been losing cast in public estimation for some time, and had Miss Neilson's engagement been manipulated other than it has been, I think Mr. Maguire might have recovered much of his lost ground. As things now look, with nothing particularly strong to follow as a stock attraction, I don't see how he will manage to worry through the rest of the Summer.

Romeo and Juliet has always been Miss Neilson's greatest drawing card here. During her two seasons at the California, her Juliet invariably doubled the business. The four nights last week it held the stage, the attendance was twice that of her previous week. Her Juliet has lost none of its fascination, nor has the absence of a few years created any observable change in anything she has thus far repeated. The annexed cast, with few exceptions, was more than satisfactory:

Juliet.....Miss Neilson  
Romeo.....Edward Compton  
Mercutio.....James O'Brien  
Tybalt.....C. B. Bishop  
Friar.....John Wilson  
Benvolio.....A. D. Bradley  
Paris.....James O. Barrows  
Capulet.....Harry Thompson  
Apothecary.....E. N. Thayer  
Prince.....Logan Paul  
Balthazar.....Harry Collins  
Gregory.....F. G. Ross  
Friar John.....George McCormack  
Friar Sampson.....S. S. Barbour  
Nurse.....M. Foster  
Lady Capulet.....H. DeLorme  
Page.....Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders  
Twelfth Night was presented for the first time this season Friday night and continued the rest of the week, with a great falling off Saturday night, which was attributable in some measure to the matinee. The performance if anything, was infinitely superior to anything the co. has yet done with Miss Neilson, for the reason that the actors are beginning to fit better into Shakespeare than hitherto. Mr. Compton too, really made friends by the surprising improvement he exhibited. The general verdict being that his element is in comedy. Appended is this remarkable cast:

Viola.....Miss Neilson  
Malvolio.....Mr. Edward Compton  
Orsino.....Mr. James O'Neill  
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....Mr. C. B. Bishop  
Sir Toby Belch.....Mr. John Wilson  
Sebastian.....Mr. A. D. Bradley  
Clown (specially engaged).....Mr. Stephen Leach  
Antonio.....Mr. Harry Collins  
Fruin.....Logan Paul  
Captain.....Mr. M. Foster  
Valentine.....Mr. F. G. Ross  
Curio.....Mr. C. N. Barbour  
First Officer.....Mr. George McCormack  
Second Officer.....Mr. J. Williams  
Pages.....Misses Fleming and Burton  
Olivia.....Miss Eleanor Carey  
Maria.....Miss Lillian Andrews

As Miss Neilson does not play Sunday nights, the stock co. appeared in The Lanchester Lass, the leading characters in which were well sustained by Lewis Morrison, C. B. Bishop, John Wilson, Miss Adeline Stanhope and Miss Eleanor Carey. The audience was an exceedingly light one, at the usual admission rates, and indicates what the fate of the stock company is liable to be after the Neilson engagement.

For this week, Twelfth Night and Romeo and Juliet will be continued on alternate nights. The audience was not of encouraging proportions last night, with the former as the bill. Next Sunday the stock appear in The Woman of the People. This will afford a new leading lady, Miss Stanhope, a better opportunity than she has hitherto been favored with. Candor compels me to say the lady has not created anything like a favorable impression up to the present time, and I fear for her future, as she is one of the cold and mechanical sort that always fails beyond a certain point.

The Bush Street Theatre has been favored with a remarkable run of business to witness Von Suppe's delightful Boccaccio. It is so handsomely mounted and so perfectly cast that its popularity is not surprising. When I saw Emily Melville in The Royal Middy, I thought it impossible for her to find a character in which to excel her Fanchette, but after witnessing her in the role of the poet I am compelled to acknowledge that we had only just begun to discover the amount of versatility the little California prima donna possessed. Although the weight of the opera principally rests on Giovanni Boccaccio the poet, as represented by Miss Melville, Miss Gracie Plaisted as Fiammetta, Max Freeman as the Prince, J. W. Jennings as Lambertuccio, and Thomas Cassell as Lotterighi do some good work. The rest of the cast, though largely composed of amateurs is interesting, and shows good vocal and acting talent. With such material in our midst, Mr. Locke is to be commended for his partiality for local talent over the imported article.

The matinee performance on Saturday suffered a serious interruption, owing to the sudden illness of Miss Plaisted, and at one time it was contemplated that the audience, which was a large one, would have to be dismissed, as Mr. Locke had no one to substitute for the invalid at a moment's notice. The little lady and her friends appreciated the situation, in which Mr. Locke was unexpectedly and unpleasantly placed, and although the attendant physician attempted to dissuade his patient from going upon the stage, she did so, rather than disappoint the public and the management, although she took a great risk in doing so. The plucky

little lady acquitted herself wonderfully well under the circumstances, and was almost completely restored in time for the coming performance. There is no Sunday performance at the Bush Street Theatre, the management being of the opinion that actors and actresses have moral and religious scruples in common with the rest of humanity. The opera entered upon its third week last night to a splendid house, and its chances are certainly good for a four weeks' run, at least. The next opera will be an adaptation of Mme. Favart, which was just produced in the original during Almee's last season in this city.

The "two-bit" opera house, as the Tivoli Garden is irreverently termed, is enjoying a splendid run of business with Grotto-Grotto, which was revived Thursday night, Hattie Moore and Harry Gates giving unusual satisfaction in the principal roles. Beyond these two artists the cast would stand a deal of improvement, as the acting talent displayed by the others, though the voices are above the ordinary, is not the most proficient in the world; but after all, it would be unreasonable to expect talent of a high order in a two-bit opera house. In my admiration for the artistic I had almost forgotten to take this view of it. The next opera to be brought out at this resort will be an adaptation of Strauss' Die Fledermaus, by Nat Childs of Boston, which was produced at the Museum in that city some time ago, under the personal direction of Mr. Gates, are receiving more than ordinary attention. The Tivoli being the coolest place of amusement in the city, will be doubly popular on that score during the Summer.

Items: Miss Neilson will leave for New York almost immediately after her engagement, en route for Italy, where she proposes to remain the rest of the Summer.—It is reported that the California Theatre will reopen about the 1st of September under the auspices of the stockholders, with James S. Maguire and Gen. W. B. Barton as managers.—Bob Ligersoll's lectures will inaugurate the new season. First-class attractions will follow.—The California Through Death Valley comb. takes the road eastward in a few days, under the management of Sheridan Corby, late editor of Figaro, and an old-time manager. The play is strong, the co. good, and the pictorial printing some of the handsomest ever produced anywhere.—The Bandmann-Beaudet comb. opened in Portland to a \$600 house; and so much prosperity completely demoralized the party that it immediately disbanded. At last accounts, Bandmann and Miss Beaudet were trying to paralyze the unsuspecting denizens of the Webfoot regions by giving dramatic readings.—The new daily, the Globe, pays THE MIRROR and its unworthy self a flattering tribute in its Sunday theatrical gossip.—Mr. George Barnes of the Call, the oldest critic on the local press, will shortly disconnect himself from that journal to become proprietor of the Pacific Rural Press.—Frank Lavanie, the efficient stage-manager of the Adelphi, was married Wednesday evening to Laura Anderson, who enjoys the professional cognomen of Josie DeLem. It was only a few nights since that the gentleman took a solid old benefit, and if this is the outcropping, it's a pity some more of the variety element couldn't scare up a few. George France and his dogs are just crowding things at the Adelphi. George has been playing A Block Game all last week, and last night he started in Wide Awake.—It may be mentioned as a coincidence, Miss Neilson's twelfth night inaugurated her third week and Twelfth Night was the play.—Samuel W. Piercy does not appear to hurry himself about opening the Standard.—George Chaplin left us yesterday, Eastward bound.—My billions friend of the Dramatic News threatens to retire to the shades of private life as soon as Tom Maquire throws up the managerial sponge, now the dramatic orator of the Call thinks of subsiding into vegetation.—Barton Hill has received considerable encouragement to give a reading from unknown and forgotten poets. It is proposed to secure 200 subscribers at five dollars a ticket and 100 names are on the subscription list. Mr. Hill wishes to induce Miss Neilson to join him in the entertainment.—Saturday night is advertised as positively the last appearance and farewell benefit of the beautiful Neilson.

### California.

The Frederick Douglas Dramatic Aspirants, a colored troupe of considerable ability, played here one night, to poor business. They make a trip through the interior; have not made out a definite route yet. The Pirates of Penzance closed a successful week's engagement, under the able management of M. A. Kennedy from the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, having drawn good houses. They show in Carson 21st and 22d, and in Virginia City the balance of the week; from there probably to Eureka. The John Woodward comb. was billed for 23th and 26th and matinee, in California Through Death Valley. Life on the Border draws.

### Colorado.

Forrester's Opera House: 21st, under the management of Love, Thall & Co. Haverly's Widow Bedott co. with Neil Burgess as the Widow, commenced a week of tremendous business at an advance in prices. Mr. Burgess has completely captured the city. The support is excellent. Mr. George Stoddart as Elder Snuffles is certainly dividing the honors with the star. Booked: July 8, Leadville Opera House co. in legitimate plays for two weeks.

Wahalla Hall: 21st, the two-headed girl, Millie Christine, together with Dr. and Mrs. Ruth, fancy shots opened for twelve days, giving two performances daily. I have seen the wonder, although I cannot say that I admire ladies put up in that kind of package. The Ruths do some astonishing rifle and pistol shooting; but there are evident signs of nervousness in the audience when they commence putting bullets through cards held in each other's mouths. A fair business is being done.

Palace Theatre: The recruits this week are the Lee Bros. (Bob and Willie), in Irish specialties, and Maggie Spires, the serio-comic; as an after-piece the Bridal Chamber.

Academy of Music: Business fair but show not above the average.

Circus: Daniel Costella's circus returned to Denver for three days, 23d. The show is not much better than on their departure. Bartholomew's horses are the only attraction.

Widow Bedott co. are to be married on their arrival in San Francisco, about one month hence, so rumor has it.—Love and Thall, the popular managers and very clever gentlemen, have returned from their eastern trip with Haverly's C. C. C. looking well and having made some promising business arrangements for Denver amusements while away.

### Connecticut.

HARTFORD.  
There has been no performance of any kind here the past week nor will there be during the present, except Trinity College commencement exercises at the Opera House on Thursday. We are in the full height of Summer inactivity, and the various Sunday School and Society picnics and excursions are the only relief to be found. Looking backward over the past season we can say it has been good, bad and indifferent, just according to the co., the agents and the managers. Some good co's, with poor advances and poor management, have played to miserable business. Some only fair co's, with good management have done splendid business, and made money. A single night stand like this cannot be played on reputation alone; there must be some good honest work done by agent and manager, good billing, good notices got into the papers, not simply as pay for half a dozen "comps," but as legitimate business matter and paid for; better still, if like one co. on the road the past season, these notices are contracted for and paid for by the advance agent. Good business management always bespeaks a good show, and every newspaper man can tell you that he is asked the question fifty times over before a show comes, "What sort of a show is that?" If the agent has been "up and up" in his dealing, it is easy for him to give a good word; if, on the contrary, the agent has higgled on the price of two squares, and doled out three or four comps, and left an order on the box-office for his contract, hinting if not asking outright for a quarter-column notice, the newspaper man thinks, if he don't say, "snide," and leaves word for the cashier to see that the bill is presented at 9 o'clock sharp. Of course that is the general method of doing the business, but let the agent have the money right in hand, and he will do more effective work with \$25 in advance, than he can with \$40 in box-office orders, and the receipts at the box-office will be increased in a proportion that would astonish any one who did not know the ins and outs of the advertising business. Try it next season, and see if I do not tell you truly.

### BRIDGEPORT.

The theatrical season which is now over, has been the most brilliant as well as profitable one since the Opera House was built. It has introduced to us some fine artists: Mary Anderson, Fanny Davenport, Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Robson and Crane, John T. Raymond, John McCullough, etc., all of whom played to good bias. The Pirates of Penzance doing the biggest bis of the season. The season opened August 23d, with the Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West Minstrels, and closed June 21, with Callender's Georgia Minstrels. Messrs. Haves and Keeler inform me that the house will be closed till August, and that it is their intention to thoroughly overhaul the Opera House. The ceilings will be frescoed and the scenery put in first-class order. It is their intention to make this the finest opera house in the State. Agnes Leonard is rusticated for the Summer at the George Hotel, in this city. John Murphy, an employee of the Opera House at Williamstown, fell from the dome to the floor on Monday, and was instantly killed. G. H. Coe has retired from the management of the New Haven Opera House.

### NEW HAVEN.

George Coe, who for the past few years has so successfully managed Coe's Opera House, has resigned his position. He has been quite a favorite with managers and his withdrawal will be felt by all, especially by the theatre-going public of our city, to whom he has shown all the little attentions which soon tend to make a manager popular. We wish Mr. Coe the best of good luck in his future enterprises.

### District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.  
The Summer Theatre Comique is the only place of amusement open regularly. The attraction announced for the coming week is the Kelly and Collyer comb. The co. consists of Kelly and Collyer, Howard and Sanford, the Delmannings, Keating and Sands, Bordeaux Sisters, the Elm Sisters, Dooley and Tenbrooke, and the Collyer Female Minstrel Troupe.

A new local dramatic association was organized last week for the coming season. The first play will be given about the middle of September, and will probably be The Ticket-of-Leave Man. Olive Logan Sikes is in the city for a short time. Laura Bellini (Laura Woolwine) is visiting her friends and relatives in Washington. She was expected here more than a month ago. Our fine young tenor, Herndon Morsell, who has been studying for about two years in Italy, is expected home in August. Rumor says his voice is wonderfully improved.

### Georgia.

ATHENS.  
House closed for the Summer months. The management are making many desirable changes, increasing the seating capacity to 900. Several very fine attractions are already booked for the coming season. Recent railroad connections will make Athens a good point for theatricals, there being no time lost in getting in and out. If the present plans are carried out the Deupree will be a fine opera house.

### Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD.  
Chatterton's Opera House: George Holland's Our Gentlemen Friends comb. appear at the Opera House 30th.

Adelphi: This house was closed on the 19th—the manager, W. M. Laird, stating that he would open again in a few weeks.

Items: A concert saloon was opened on West Washington street on the 19th, and was closed by the authorities on the 24th. The Parkers and Johnny Taylor and wife, formerly of the Adelphi co., were giving the performance at this place during the short period of its existence.—Henry A. Saville of Jarrett's Fun on the Bristol co. is putting in his time while here at home, drilling a chorus to be used in the production of the oratorio of Elijah, which will be presented at an early date. The proceeds of the performance are to be devoted to a charitable institution of the city.—The Original Tennessee Cabin Singers will give one concert at the First M. E. Church in this city on the evening of July 9.—Nearly all of the members of the Adelphi Theatre co. are still in the city. Charles and Lulu May have left



for Chicago. The others are waiting here for "something to turn up."

**ALTON.**  
As our amusement season is about closed I would say a few words to managers in regard to our city. Alton is a town of eight thousand inhabitants, and is about twenty miles from St. Louis, on the C. & A. R. R. We have four railroads running through here. Its proximity to St. Louis makes it a desirable Saturday night stand. We have a good opera house, and our place is about one of the best show towns in the State. There has not been a troupe (with a few exceptions) here this year but which has made money. I can refer unbelievers to Frank Frayne, Oofy Gooft, Rial and Draper, and Sprague's Georgia's Minstrels. I trust that managers in making their routes will not forget Alton.

Item: The Alton people enjoy the remarks your sprightly Chicago correspondent makes in regard to the celebrated Jake Simon; it is enough to say we had to stand him for three months.

**ROCK ISLAND.**  
Harper's Theatre: Florence Herbert and co. opened for the week 21st with East Lynne, followed by Josh Whitcomb, Two Orphans and Fanchon. The co. is not a strong one. Business has been good, on account of the regatta which took place during the week.

Items: Frank I. Frayne presented St. Louis 22d, 23d and 24th at Timm's Hall, Moline, to fair business.

**BLOOMINGTON.**  
No amusements on the boards the past week. Booked: Opera House (Tillotson and Fell) managers: 28th, one week, The New York Novelty co.

Darley Hall (George S. Smith manager): 29th, 11th, in concert, for benefit of the Illinois Wesleyan University.

**MARISSILLON.**  
Theatre: The Alvin Joslin co., with Charles L. Davis at its head, came to Massillon 24th, with the expectation of playing; but owing to the commencement exercises of the high school being held the same evening, they had an audience of scarcely twenty people, to which they refused to appear.

**ROCKFORD.**  
Clement Bro. and Forrester Concert co. here 19th, and gave a concert to small house. Remenyi canceled date for 28th. Nothing booked for balance of season, which may be considered closed.

**AURORA.**  
July 3, Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty troupe will be here.

**INDIANA.**

**INDIANAPOLIS.**  
Dickson's Park Theatre: Owing to the extreme heat the engagement of George Holland in Our Gentlemen Friends has not proved a drawing card. The drama itself is a pleasing comedy, full of comical situations and sayings. While Mr. Holland presents truly a subordinate part, yet he handles it with a perfect regard to the unities of the play. The support presents no especially weak feature and may be considered in the main a strong co.

The variety theatres have played to larger houses the past week than the one previous and both are straining every nerve to excel the other.

Gore's Garden Theatre presents a passable entertainment and, in some respects, strong variety talent is presented. The houses of the past may only be considered fair. The public attending this resort during the past week have been enjoying a "siege" of Pinafore. Arrivals: June 28, McAvoy, Rogers, and the Morrissey, Hawkins and Kelley, Minnie La Fount.

Gilmore's Garden presented during the past week a very strong bill of exclusive variety actors, and the artists were of a very high class. This "little palace" is doing a heavy business. Besides the excellent variety entertainment given is also to be found a fine collection of wild animals. Two splendid specimens of the sea lion were added to the list this week. Gilmore's Zoological Garden, under the management of the popular Turner and Felton, is doing a rousing business. Arrivals: June 28, The Andreys, The Coopers, and J. C. Murphy. Turner and Welsh remain over to July 3.

Item: Louis Deszar takes the road with the Little Rosebud comb., opening the 28th at Martinsville. The following will comprise the party: Sullivan and Burns, Maggie Purcell, Glenn Sisters, Dan Powers, Smith and Ohlmer and George Kaine.

**RICHMOND.**  
Theatre will be occupied on July 7 for the Convention of the Readjusters to nominate an electoral ticket for the presidential campaign, after which the improvements in the building will be rapidly pushed to completion.

Mozart Hall: The operetta of Laila was given on 25th, to a fine audience when the terribly heated weather is considered.

Theatre Comique closed for the season. The manager is now North looking after engagements for the next season.

Item: Every place of amusement is now closed for the season, and in all probability our city will be entirely void of any professionals until next September.

**PERU.**  
Bradley's Opera Hall: The finest theatre in the city, and which has been closed the past two seasons, will open the first of September under the management of Bradley & Kinsler, who will commence work in a few weeks, altering the interior, adding a balcony, four new dressing rooms, new scenery and opera chairs. The scenery and opera chairs are to come from New York, and the frescoing will be done by artists from Lafayette. Mr. Kinsler (a partner in the Bears Hotel) will make it pleasant to the profession visiting Peru, as well as his associate manager, Mr. Bradley, who will devote his whole time to the theatre. The house will be renamed.

**VINCENNES.**  
Green's Opera House: Nothing this week. Tivoli Garden: Semi-weekly concerts well attended.

Coming: 28th, Robert Stickney's Circus. W. D. Donney, A. J. Calkins, and W. P. Wilborn are building an opera hall at Princeton, Ind., which is to be under their management.

**IOWA.**

**DAVENPORT.**

Burtis' Opera House: The Western Theatre co. opened 22d in Fate, followed by Ticket-of-Leave Man 23d. The door receipts for the two nights did not exceed \$25. The co. left for the West 24th. They gave the worst show we have had this season. D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance co. billed for 29th.

**BURLINGTON.**  
23d, The May Flisk Blondes gave a disgusting performance to a small house. The Pirates of Penzance Co. C. are booked for 26th, and with good prospects for a big

house. Van Amburgh & Co.'s Circus to only fair audience, 18th. The Inter-Ocean and Coles drew big crowds a few weeks previous.

**COUNCIL BLUFFS.**  
The Inter-Ocean show came 19th to crowded house both day and night. D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance came 22d to good business. Nothing booked for next week.

Item: The Inter-Ocean show was considered by every one a remarkably poor affair.

**CEDAR RAPIDS.**  
No dramatic attractions for some time, and nothing booked. The Inter-Ocean Circus exhibited 23d to good business.

Coming: Sello Bros. June 30, P. T. Barnum July 17.

**DURHAM.**  
No news this week. Pirates of Penzance co. come 29th.

**MUSCATINE.**  
Old's Opera Hall: Fanny May's Blondes June 26, 1890.

**Kansas.**

**LEAVENWORTH.**

New Opera House: Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty co. 25th, to fair business. Co. very good. This house is now closed until September 1, and will be frescoed, and new scenery painted by Nixon and Toomey of St. Louis.

Coming: W. W. Cole's Circus July 10, Barnum's Circus August 16.

**Kentucky.**

**LOUISVILLE.**

Davis' Theatre: It is reported that John H. Whallen, of the "Met," has leased this house for next season, and will open it August 19.

Knickerbocker: The second week of the Summer season at this house has been a successful one, and the show given first-class in every respect. Among the most notable features of last week's bill were The Etzel Sisters in statue clog-dancing, which met with favor, J. C. Murphy in a lively bone solo; Minnie Kent, a very fascinating young lady, in a skipping-rope dance and hoop clog, performed with great vim; it took the house by storm, winning several recalls. She has been retained by public demand for another week. George Turner and John Foster did a double act which was out of place at this house. It would be more appropriate in some leg show. Charles and Annie Whiting, in duets, medleys and trombone solos, rendered their act in a pleasing manner; Senator Frank Bell discoursed on the coming political crisis, and proved himself one of the best stump speakers we have heard for some time. Dollie Foster, a Louisville debutante, delivered several popular selections with that ease and grace which denotes a first class artist; a promising future is before her. Charles Gliddon in banjo solos displayed his abilities in an excellent manner. The performance wound up with J. C. Murphy's laughable act entitled Cummings; or, the Other Fellow, in which Mr. Murphy, Billy Baker, Dollie Foster and the balance of the co. were seen to advantage. New faces opening 28th: May Antonio, Charles A. Loder, Mlle. Roselle, Gray Sisters and Perry Ryan. Peasley and Vannetta retained Minnie Kent, Frank Bell and Dollie Foster.

Items: A petition is in circulation among our citizens for the council to pass an ordinance to prevent obscene and immoral shows. If this is successful it will be a good thing for our city. All the leading papers here intend to make a vigorous war upon all the city fathers who do not sanction the bill. As war has been declared against all things that are demoralizing to our rising generation, fun may be expected next season. Happy Jack Lawton passed through the city this week on his way to join Robinson's Circus in the South. Alice Bateman and Annie Whiting, two variety actresses, created a lively sensation on Jefferson street, last Saturday evening, by filling up on Kentucky corn juice and riding through the streets in a phaeton, singing "The Moon is out tonight, Love."—We are indebted to Mr. I. B. Nall, editor of the Farmer's Home Journal, for the following list of Kentucky fairs: Harrodsburg, Mercer county, Aug. 3, four days; Sharpshurg, Bath county, Aug. 3, three days; Richmond, Madison county, Aug. 17, three days; Lawrenceburg, Anderson county, Aug. 17, three days; Danville, Boyle county, Aug. 20, three days; Maysville, Mason county, Sept. 21, three days; Shelbyville, Shelby county, Aug. 24, four days; Kentucky State, A. M. Z. and B. Association, Louisville, Aug. 30, six days; Louisville Exposition opens Sept. 7, closes Oct. 23; Lexington, Fayette county, Aug. 31, five days; Elm Springs, Flemming county, Aug. 31, four days; Springfield, Washington county, Aug. 31, four days; Bardonia, Nelson county, Sept. 7, three days; Union Agricultural Society, Germantown, Sept. 8, four days; Franklin, Simpson county, Sept. 16, three days; Ashland, Boyd county, Sept. 29, five days; Paducah, McCracken county, Oct. 5, four days; Hopkinsville, Christian county, Oct. 5, four days; Owensboro, Davis county, Oct. 13, three days; Paris, Bourbon county, Sept. 7, five days.

**OWENSBORO.**

Nothing in dramatic circles for the past three weeks. Collins' comb. comes July 3.

**Maryland.**

**BALTIMORE.**

Affairs theatrical are at the lowest possible ebb this week; all the theatres have been closed except the Academy of Music, which is now and then opened to the friends and patrons of some institution of learning, who come to see their "fondlest hopes realized," to listen to the tear-moistened valedictory of some embryo Demosthenes. Even the stage celebrities seem to have forsaken the monumental city, and the only one of the foot-light kingdom one could see last week was the usher or gas-man of some of our theatres. Manager Ford came out in a poster announcing the opening of the Grand Opera House on August 16; it was rather indefinite, not giving the piece or the names of the artists.

**Massachusetts.**

**SALEM.**

The Willows: The iron building is not yet completed, and it does not seem as though it would be ready for performances before the second week in July. The opening attraction is now said to be the comedy Everybody's Friend, by a New York co. It is a bad selection in the opinion of those here who are at all conversant with theatrical affairs. As long as the Willows is run by one who knows nothing of catering to the public taste in amusements, although a most estimable gentleman in private life, blunders will be made which will cost the owner of the property considerable money and mar the growth of the Willows as a pleasure resort.

Items: J. H. Stevenson, who has for sev-

eral years been interested in various theatrical ventures in this vicinity, has accepted a responsible position at the Pavilion Hotel, at the Willows. It is now talked in this city that Walter Bray and some of the other favorites of the Dime Show, which visited us lately, will put in a season at the Willows.—The Boston Globe correspondent here sarcastically refers to the long time consumed in getting the Willows Theatre ready by hoping that the army worm which has appeared at Salem Neck will not consume the building before the public gets a chance to witness a performance in it.

**FITCHBURG.**  
25th, Rice's Evangeline comb. Owing to the extreme heat they did not have the house that otherwise would have turned out. The entertainment was very fine, and gave great satisfaction.

Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s Advertising Car No. 2, arrived in town this evening.

**TACONTON.**

Music Hall: Bray, Wambold and Ellis' Dime Show came 21st, and played to big business all the week.

**Michigan.**

**GRAND RAPIDS.**

Powers' Opera House: Augustin Daly's co., 24th, 25th, in An Arabian Night, before small but appreciative audiences. The co. is a good one, and includes several first-class people, among whom are John Drew, Geo. Parks, William Davidge, Jr., Miss Maggie Harold and Ada Rehan. Mr. Drew as Sprinkle was excellent; Mr. Davidge's Hercules Brown was a very good piece of character acting, and Miss Rehan appeared to advantage as the Real Niece. The rest of the co. did well in their respective parts. Daly's Royal Middy is billed for 28th and 29th. The following is a complete list of the cos. and combs. that have appeared at Powers' Opera House, during the past season, together with the approximate amount of business done by each: Large—McCullough (2 visits), Lawrence Barrett (2 visits), Pat Rooney (2 visits), Neil Burgess, Haverly's Juveniles, Haverly's Colored Minstrels, Haverly's C. C. co., B. W. P. & W's Minstrels, Hearts of Oak, Miss Neilson, W. J. Florence, Maggie Mitchell, Emma Abbot, Good—B. McCauley, Milton Nobles, Mrs. Scott Siddons, Frank Chaffran, Campbell's Galley Slave, Rice's Evangeline, Gus Williams, Fair—Jno. T. Raymond, Graus' Opera co., Nick Roberts' H. D., Tony Denier's H. D., J. F. Wallack co., Kate Claxton, C. L. Davis, Poor—Louise Pomeroy, Oofy Gooft, Robert McWade, Ford's Juveniles, Ada Gray, June Combs, Anna Dickinson, Pirates of Penzance, Celler's co. It will be seen from the above list that nearly all of the first-class cos. played to good business.

Smith's Opera House: During the past week business has been very good. The co. is a first class one, and includes the following well known variety people, all of whom are well received in their several sketches: Morton and Miles, Irish burlesque artists; Laura Bernetta, in a very neat skipping-rope dance; Richardson and Young, an excellent song-and-dance team, and Alice Ryan in songs, dances, etc.

Items: Mr. Dick Rowe (contortionist) who has been traveling with Orrin Bros' Circus in Cuba, has returned home.—Forepaugh's Circus visits us about the middle of July.—W. W. Kelly, agent for T. De Witt Talmage, who lectures here July 17th, was in town 23d.—Mr. Ed. Hillier, the popular stage manager of Smith's, will have a benefit on the 25th, when a large crowd is anticipated.—Powers' Opera House closes with Daly's Royal Middy, after which the house will undergo a thorough renovating.

**JACKSON.**

Opera House: (George W. Stevenson manager) June 23, closing night Daly's Arabian Night co., to a small but appreciative audience. This house will reopen early in September with the best attractions, under the same manager.

**MUSKOGEE.**  
Opera House: Remenyi concertized 23d, to small audience.

**KALAMAZOO.**

Forepaugh's Circus: Date changed from July to August 15.

**Minnesota.**

**ST. PAUL.**

Opera House: 24th, The Nathaniel English Opera troupe, for three nights and matinee, presenting La Grande Duchesse, Girelle-Girofle and The Bells of Cornville. The co. in La Grande Duchesse certainly met with a very flattering reception from a large and fashionable audience. There are some good voices in the co. The piece was well mounted and neatly costumed. The audience was highly pleased with the performance, and numerous encores were the order of the evening. Miss Charlotte Hutchings was very pleasing and acceptable as La Grande Duchesse. Louise Lester, Mons. Louis Nathaniel, George S. Weeks, William Luard and James Vincent were very creditable in the leading roles. W. F. Coulter, business manager. Bookings: Tony Pastor's co., July 1, 2, 3. The Pirates of Penzance co., 5th, 6th and 7th.

Pfeiffer's Hall: Dan and Jessie Morris Sullivan, are billed for 28th, in Mirror of Ireland.

**Missouri.**

**ST. LOUIS.**

Pickwick Theatre: The Bijou Opera co. opened at the Pickwick 21st, to a very fine audience in point of number and in quality, and the attendance during the week continued very large, on several evenings the theatre being completely filled. Prices were advanced, \$1 being charged for reserved seats, and \$1.25 for seats in the Foyer. Alberry and Celler's Spectre Knight and Bolton & Fowler's Charity Began at Home were the pieces presented, and two merrier, more charming or entertaining operettas have never been given here before. They are different in tone, but both have a brisk freshness and originality that surprised and pleased. The co. has been termed "a compact little co." and it certainly is so. Such singers and comedians as Digby Y. Bell, W. Macreary, William Herbert and Frank Pierson are seldom found in one co., and the ladies are all sparkling actresses and accomplished vocalists, Miss Carrie Burton, Mmc. Marie Beauman and Miss Annette Fayrel all contributing spiritedly to the success of the performance. The pieces were superbly set and costumed and the increased orchestra did fine service. The audiences were delighted and encores were frequent. Although the weather was very sultry, the temperature of the theatre was but little higher than it was out of doors. Gilbert and Clay's opera of Ages Ago is in preparation.

Uhrig's Cave: Donizetti's comic opera Elixir of Love was given for the first time at Uhrig's Cave, on Monday evening, June

21, and the production was an important one, and much time and labor had been spent upon it. The performance was excellent and it improved after the first representation. Mr. Gustavus F. Hall gave a humorous, breezy and yet artistic rendition of Dr. Dulcamara. Mr. Stuart Harold sang the music of the Sergeant finely and did some good acting, while Mr. E. H. Dexter, after he became accustomed to the part of Nemerino, sang the solos and parts in concert with much credit. Miss Louise Manfred made another fine success as Adina, and received much hearty applause for her fine efforts in the vocal and histrionic line; she has become a great favorite here. Miss Blanche Adams and Miss Luella Le Pitre did full justice to two minor roles. Signor Torriani's direction of the orchestra was most capable. He has acquitted himself of his arduous labors, while here, in the most satisfactory manner. The chorus was excellent. On Sunday evening last a pleasant entertainment was given, during which Pedanto, the man-ly, gave his tight rope performance.

Notes and Gossip: The Pickwick Theatre is becoming a great favorite with society people of St. Louis. On different occasions, the "Assembly" and "Home-Circle," the fashionable clubs of the city, attended in bodies.—At the new Thalia Theatre there is to be a Pinafore revival on the 25th and 26th, with Henri Laurent as Rackstraw, and Blanche Corelli as Josephine. The business at this place has been fair.—The Nathaniel Opera troupe made an artistic, if not a financial success, in Chicago, and an offer was made to take them on the road by a Chicago party. M. Nathaniel telegraphed to Mr. Phillips of the Pickwick Theatre for \$200 to pay railroad fares, but Mr. Phillips did not endorse the movement and washed his hands of the matter. The co. started and it is presumed that a breach has been made between the Nathaniel Opera co. and the Pickwick Theatre, which will interfere materially with the production of the English version of Les Voltigeurs as announced.—Mr. Pat Short of Uhrigs took a short run to Cincinnati a few days ago on business, and has returned.—Manager J. G. Saville deserves congratulations for the excellent performance given by the Bijou Opera co. It has proven one of the brightest, cleanest and merriest entertainments ever given in St. Louis.—Prof. W. Mahne will leave here for New York on a brief visit June 30.—Mr. Phil C. Branson, the popular young tenor, late of the Thursday Concert co., resumed his old place in the choir of the Church of the Messiah on Sunday evening last, and sang exquisitely. A duet with his sister, Miss Ada Branson, from Campagna, was superbly sung.

**ST. JOSEPH.**  
Tootles' Opera House: Pirates of Penzance co., "C," 18th and 19th, to good business and highly appreciative audiences. The co. is in many respects excellent, Minnie Walsh making a decided impression with her pure, true soprano. Nothing booked at this house, beyond Tony Denier's H. D. on 26th, and Damon and Pythias by an imported co. July 10, under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias.

**Maine.**

**PORTLAND.**

Theatres all closed this week. On the 23d the Great London Circus showed on the Western Promenade grounds to about 16,000 people, afternoon and evening. It came more extensively advertised than any show that ever visited this city, and left a poorer reputation behind it.

**New Hampshire.**

**MANCHESTER.**

Rice's Evangeline co. 24th to light business. Mlle. Jarbeau made a very pleasing Evangeline, and the co. is much better than on its last appearance here. Nothing booked. Items: Work on the new opera house seems to drag; it will not be completed before the 1st of January. Messrs. Smith, Thayer and Moulton have booked a number of first-class shows at Smyth's for next season.

**New York.**

**BUFFALO.**

Academy of Music: The event of the season, the production of Augustin Daly's Royal Middy, had been looked forward to by our society people, as it would present Miss May Fielding (Mrs. R. R. Cornell), professionally to her many friends and admirers, and the occasion was one that will long be remembered. Seldom has our city theatre contained an audience so great in numbers and so refined in their character as that which welcomed the Royal Middy Tuesday evening, and no artist ever met with a more pronounced and enthusiastic reception than was accorded Miss Fielding. At the close of the first act, she was honored by a second recall. The play of the Royal Middy is one that contains many things to please, the music is excellent, the several acts pleasing, and the stage setting everything that could be desired. The company presenting it is above the average order, although having, with the exception of Miss Fielding, no special claim to vocal power. As actors, Miss Luirs, Mr. Hatch and Mr. Brand were noticeably good, and the balance of the co. pleasing. The Royal Middy had the closing presentation Wednesday evening. The co. go from here to Detroit, and thence to Chicago, where they play a two-weeks engagement. Following the Middy, we had Uncle Tom's Cabin, presented by the Real and Draper's co., among which were Arthur W. Gregory and Ed L. Mortimer, members of the old stock company. The piece was well put upon the stage, and attracted good-sized audiences for its three presentations this week. Monday evening Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels will test the capacity of the theatre, and Saturday evening Mr. E. T. Goodrich presents Grizzly Adams, after which the theatre will be closed and repairs prosecuted with vigor.

Items: Miss May Fielding received a very large number of her friends at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Douglass Cornell, Park place, Wednesday afternoon, and after the performance Wednesday night an informal supper party was given in her honor at the residence of Mr. W. E. Foster, an attaché of The Commercial Advertiser, at which were present several members of Mr. Daly's co. I forgot to mention the elegant floral tributes that were presented the fair Queen of Portugal during the performance of Wednesday evening. Among them were an elegant Mandoline from the ladies of the Morning Musical Club, of which Miss Fielding was an active member. Also a night-blooming cereus in full bloom from the conservatory of one of our leading society lady's residence.

**ALBANY.**

Leland Opera House: 21st, Salsbury's Troubadours appeared, the occasion being the annual benefit of Fred. A. DuBois, treasurer of this house. The large and fashion-

able audience assembled was very complimentary to the gentlemanly beneficiary, and the entertainment offered was highly satisfactory in every particular. The first act of The Brook, which was formerly rather a stupid affair, has been thoroughly revised since the last appearance of the Troubadours in this city, and is now as thoroughly enjoyable as any portion of the play, which is undoubtedly due in a great measure to the admirable acting of the co., which has been greatly improved by the addition of Miss Ray Samuels, who is more than a pleasing substitute for Miss Dingee. Miss S. is the possessor of a beautiful and sympathetic voice of considerable compass, which she uses with admirable taste. Nellie McHenry, although suffering from a very severely sprained ankle, bravely struggled through her part. Salsbury and Webster were as amusing as ever. This was the last stand of this co. previous to their departure for London. Haverly's Minstrels appear July 1, closing the season at this house, which has been a very successful one. Manager Albright is deserving of the success he has had with this house during the past season, as he has furnished us with a succession of attractions, first-class in almost every particular, and varied enough to please the most fastidious. Mr. Albright promises us a still more attractive list of engagements for the coming season, and on looking over the list of those made up to date I notice a number of novelties to Albanians, and the coming season at the Leland will be without a doubt fully as brilliant as its predecessor.

Tweddle and Martin Hall: Closed. Notes: Charline Weidman has just closed a very successful season with the Joseph Murphy co., and returned to her home in this city. She is engaged for soubrettes with Southern's co. for the coming season. During the summer months she will occasionally play with the Globe Comedy co. of this city.—Fred. A. DuBois has gone to New York.—It is rumored that Martin Hall is to have a new management for the coming season.—Lawrence Edinger of this city is engaged for Col. Sim's Golden Game co.—When the improvements under way at Tweddle Hall are completed it will be one of the most attractive halls in the country. The stage is to be enlarged to almost double its present size, new scenery painted, dressing-rooms added, etc.—George A. Hill, who started during the past season in variety theatres in the Serpent's Sting, is summing here.

**ROCHESTER.**

Grand Opera House: Daly's Royal Middy co. appeared to splendid business 14th and 15th. Catharine Lewis, in the character of Fanchette, gave us as fine a piece of acting as we have had here in a long time; her singing was also excellent. May Fielding sang and acted the Queen in a very dignified and satisfactory manner. The hit of the performance was made by John Hart as Mungo. His every action was applauded; his facial expressions are immense. The co. as a whole did exceedingly well. Nothing booked ahead.

Corinthian Academy of Music: Jay Rial's Uncle Tom comb. to good business 23d and 24th. Nothing announced for balance of season.

**KINGSTON.**

I have nothing theatrical to chronicle this week, as business is at a standstill. Music Hall, Sampson's, and Fox's Kingston Opera House are all undergoing the renovating process, besides receiving repairs.

The great Saengerfest will be held here in August, at which some fifty singing societies will take part, among whom will be the Arion Society of New York city and the Choral Society of Albany. Prof. John Huber, director of the Rondout Social Mannerchor, has secured the private park of Mr. Daniel E. Donovan of Kingston to hold the festival in. Dr. Danrosch, Remertz Rummel, and a number of other prominent musicians of New York, have sent letters saying they will be present. The MIRROR staff will be heartily welcomed.

**SYRACUSE.**

Opera houses have been closed during the week. Haverly 29th, at Grand, with soiree musicale by the Fine Art College of Syracuse University 28th. Manager Lehnen is organizing another Juvenile Opera co. for next season. Fatinitza will be probably the piece de resistance, with Pinafore as an alternate. Dame Rumor says that Manager Phil will have the Boston Ideal co. under his wing also. It is also claimed that Leader Drescher will organize a new orchestra for the season '80-'81. There will be some change in the corps of attaches of the opera houses, at least so I am told. The "boys" will have to take in Prospect Hill Garden, and "Over the Rhine" after this.

**BATAVIA.**  
We have had nothing in the show line during the past week, and nothing booked. The season may be considered as closed.

**ONEIDA.**

The Oneida Company Opera troupe will give an entertainment at their house 29th.

**JAMESTOWN.**

No dramatic news for the week.

**Ohio.**

**COLUMBUS.**

Comstock's: The monotony of the dull Summer season is broken only by an occasional local concert, amateur entertainment (?) or noisy demonstrations of the regularly ordained supers distributing dodgers for local snaps and declaring their intentions and prospects as well as those of their managers for the next busy season. Jolly John B. Miller drives his miniature donkey and advertising wagon with the pleasant satisfaction of knowing he is the only and greatest bill-poster in Central Ohio, while as an assistant W. P. Dunnington sticks bills like an animated, pasty, circus center pole.

Items: "Our Jim" has returned from Cincinnati, but cannot possibly remember how many beers and Hair-cocktails he drank. He retains his power of speech, doubtless owing to the fact of his not meeting any newspaper boys while away and for once failed to mention any reminiscences of the "Bowery."—W. O. Hamilton, one of the authors of the new and mighty comedy, Judge Slasher, is here from his native hamlet, Chillicothe, and promenade the streets with William Facetious Felch, the milk-and-water scribbler for the Undramatic News. By the way, the News mentioned week before last that Judge Slasher, Felch and Hamilton's supposed comedy, had been produced by Harry T. Richmond and that the Western papers spoke highly of it. Hamilton simply took it on to Philadelphia for Richmond to read. Richmond has not presented it yet, will not do so until Fall, and it is doubtful if it will ever be spoken of very highly by any writers. The Sunday Capital had a nicely-written criticism handed in by Felch, which shows the true value of many Western notices.—A new star appeared in the firmament at the Employees



Benefit—one Sandie McDermott of Zanesville—who is not only a rival or equal of Pat Rooney, but a superior. His business resembles Rooney's but he does not imitate him. McDermott's style is more refined and is very original. I predict a big success for him when he becomes better known and gets in the right hands.—Miss Mary Beebe's benefit concert was selected and attended and beneficially pleasant to the attendants. She is charming on the concert stage, but I prefer her in opera. Tom Karl was a good card, delighting every one. Our home talent did nobly as it always does.—The Rankins remove their residence to Philadelphia, but will always be welcome here.—Frank Comstock has been back from New York some time, but knowing his propensity for not "giving away" anything I have not endeavored to interview him. Felch tells us in last News that Col. Morris has not yet returned from New York. Is it possible that Frank Lawlor has had nerve enough to have the Colonel put in Ludlow street. I hope so. We can do without him next season just as well as not. I see his name is taken out of Brooks, Dickson and Hickey's "ad" in the News. Poor old man! Are we so soon forgotten after we are dead?—Sorry The Mirror's Chicago correspondent "steps down and out." His letters have always been very readable and interesting.—Nothing in his dim future.

CLEVELAND.

Opera House: Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels gave four royal entertainments last week to very fair houses. A few changes have been made in the co. since their last appearance here some months ago, but the additions are all improvements and the troupe is now one of unexampled strength and excellent quality. The two famous Billies—Emerson and Rice—are "black diamonds" of the first water; J. W. McAndrews, the Watermelon Man, is above criticism in his specialty; Adams and Lee extract some sweet melodies from their various musical instruments; Harry Parker's performing dogs are a pleasing feature of the programme, and the Spanish Student "give away" is immense. We think our British cousins will be vastly pleased with the representative minstrel co. of America. The Mastodons sail for Europe July 7.—The Opera House employees will benefit next Thursday evening, July 1. The Fool's Revenge is underlined, with our former fellow citizen, Jos. Haworth (now of the Boston Museum stock), in the leading part. John Ogden, Estelle Potter, Ettie Baker, Hutton sisters, &c., will furnish the support. A good deal of local interest is centered in the first appearance in Cleveland upon this occasion of Maggie Van Tassel, the talented young soubrette, who had recently made an engagement to travel with Sothern the coming season.

Academy: Nothing last week. The veteran manager, John Ellsler, is to have a benefit, July 2, when a dramatization of Mrs. Holmes' popular novel Marion Gray will be presented. We wish him a rousing house.

Comique: A few new faces this week, and the burlesque Pin-A-4 Hash-house.

Items: The opening concert at Halthorth's Gardens last Wednesday night was a grand success, about 3,000 people being present.—The Bohemians of this city are erecting a theatre on the west side.—We were honored, last week, with a brief call from your genial Detroit representative, Mr. F. K. Stearns.—The ex-correspondent of the *Mirror* and the local reporter of the *Decrepit News* have been dabbling in affairs of the heart lately, and are now receiving the congratulations of their many friends.—Hooper and Bailey's London Circus will be here soon.—The indefatigable Haverly is working up a grand pedestrian tournament, to occur here July 5 to 10 inclusive.

DAYTON.

Music Hall: Tony Pastor and his new company gave one of their fine entertainments to a crowded house 17th. Tony is a great favorite here, and his show is always well patronized. The season at this place has been the most successful of any preceding one, and a great deal of its prosperity is due to Manager Mead, who understands what the public wants. The hall will be repainted and some improvements made, which will add to its attractions. The improvements will be made under the supervision of Henry Bandenstill, the efficient stage carpenter.

Memorial Pavilion, Soldiers Home: The stock company gave Kathleen Mavourneen 19th, to large audience; the piece was well rendered. The company are becoming great favorites here with the people in the city as well as the residents of the Home. Messrs. Cannon and Henderson deserve praise for the fine scenic effects, which add greatly to the productions of the co. The programme was as follows: Monday night, Don Cesar de Bazan and An Awful Criminal; Wednesday matinee, The Irish Emigrants and The Merry Cobbler; Thursday matinee, Ben Bolt and The Limerick Boy; Friday matinee, Dore and Box and Cox; Saturday night the drama Rosedale will be given by the full co.

Item: The Variety Halls still do a fair business. The *Mirror* is gaining many friends by its clean policy and its fresh news. It reaches here Friday evening and is for sale by Lee Wolf & Bro.

SPRINGFIELD.

Black's Closed. Nothing booked. Items: Hammet and Travis' Concert Pavilion co. closed a five weeks' season 26th, doing a fair business. They go from here to Urbana, O., opening 28th for three weeks.—Mr. T. B. Manning of this city made a big hit in Mechanicsburg, O., last week, in the character of Swichell. He played the part of a Yankee in Uncle Tom's Cabin nearly twenty years ago, when it was first dramatized.—Manager Tyner promises the coming season to be a big one.—Manager Hunt was in town last week.—Dramatic news dull. Only one circus this season, and the people are crying for more.—*Mirror* still keeps the lead.

AKRON.

Nothing this week, manager Robinson has made the following engagements for 1880-'81, and is negotiating for more: September 3, Denman Thompson as Joshua Whitcomb; 8, Collier's Banker's Daughter; 15, The Gentleman from Nevada; 17, Barney Macaulay; October 8, Goodwin's Frolics; December 8, Fun on the Bristol; 17 and 18, Dr. Clyde; 31, All the Rage; January 17, Joseph Jefferson; February 7, Aldrich & Parslow; 9, Maggie Mitchell; 22, Fanny Davenport; March 26, Buffalo Bill; 28, Joe Emmet.

SANDUSKY.

George Holland's Gentlemen Friends comb., to a meagre attendance 21st. Co. excellent throughout and deserved much better patronage.

Items: Coup's Circus exhibited to immense crowds 19th.—J. A. Hendry, representative

of THE MIRROR at Topeka, Kans., is making a brief visit at his old home in this city.

TOLEDO.

Haverly's Minstrels appeared at Wheeler's Opera House 21st, to a house filled to overflowing.

The Adelphi (variety) has been open during the week (race week), but closed to-night. No other announcements.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA.

Woods: Miss Lillie Hinton appears day and evening in Aline, and is drawing fair audiences.

New National: Owing to the illness of Miss Cole (of the comb. now playing here), this theatre will be closed during week till July 3, when The Huntress of the Mississippi will be given at the matinee performance. In the evening the comb. have a benefit when a big bill will be offered.

Maennerchor Garden: Large audiences gather each evening to listen to the very fine concert by D'Aurva's orchestra.

Permanent Exhibition: An attractive entertainment was given on evening of the 30th inst. Great preparations are being made for the performances to be given on the 5th, when the building will undoubtedly be crowded.

Miller's: John B. Wills and May Adams, Fred T. Shaw, Kitty Gardiner, Price and Schotzer.

Alhambra: Thatcher and Hume, Ida and Dollie Emerson, Needham and Kelly, Jennie Lindsay, George Parker and Emma Broto.

Items: An equity suit is pending in our Court of Common Pleas between the stockholders of the Arch, arising out of Mrs. Drew's lease at so low a sum.—New National is now owned by some rich men, who intend to make it a handsome theatre. They intend to expend \$10,000 for decorations and repairs. Frank Moran has returned to this city from Leadville.

PITTSBURGH.

Opera House: Jno. Ellsler's Uncle Tom party have been playing to fair business during the past week. Comparatively speaking, the co. is fair. Eva Miller, who as Eva, made her debut with Gotthold's party, plays Topsy very acceptably. Uncle Tom will be kept on during the forthcoming week.

Items: Library Hall and the regular Variety theatres are closed.—The London Circus and W. C. Coup's Show are extensively billed throughout the city for an early appearance.—Unintentionally last week I reported the benefit to Charles LaForrest as having occurred upon the 16th; it should have been the 23d. My informant was in error in regard to the success of the affair, as subsequent development proved (unfortunately), quite the reverse.

POTTSVILLE.

The Great European united with Welsh & Sand's circus and menagerie pitched its tents here on the 26th. In the forenoon the aggregation made a street parade which was a decidedly fine affair. The parade drew thousands of people to town, and the afternoon and evening performances were witnessed by large crowds of people, all of whom were thoroughly pleased with the graceful feats done in the arena. The management reports business large throughout the State.

Items: Franklin T. Smith of Pottsville, Pa., joined Welsh & Sand's circus at Hinersville, Pa., on the 29th, as trapeze performer.—Patrick Doolin, of Shenandoah, Pa., joined on the 23d, as an Irish comedian in the concert troupe.

WILKESBARRE.

George S. Robinson was in town last week making arrangements for the appearance of the Standard Comedy co. July 1, at which time he will take a benefit. This being George's native place, we wish him luck and a crowded house.

Items: Every available place is occupied with the printing of Welsh and Sand's Great New Orleans and San Francisco Railroad Circus, which comes July 9.—Harry Armstrong, who was one of the bright lights of The Big Four Minstrels the past season, is fulfilling an engagement for two weeks at Murray and White's Summer Theatre.

DANVILLE.

Opera House: Dramatics still at a lull, with no flattering prospect of a change. The Cora Van Tassel comb. are offering extra inducements in the percentage line, with the hope of changing Manager Angle's decision, to the closing of this house, until the latter part of August. They wish to play here July 3.

MILFORD.

The building committee of Music Hall Association have awarded the contract for the erection of the new theatre. The estimated cost is \$28,000. The building is to be of brick, three stories high, with five stores and a hall with a seating capacity of 1,100. The stage will be 40x18 feet. It will be completed early in the Fall.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.

Opera House: New York English Opera co., comprising Ethel Lynton, Amy Lee, Jennie Kieffer, Lillie Gray, Sid Smith, Julie Keene, Will H. Bray and Charles Watson will occupy this house evening of July 3, and present a musical comedy called Snow Bound.

Theatre Comique: Closed 26th, for the season.

Sans Souci Garden: The management announce for 28th the production of the popular opera Fatinitza. It will be every way more pleasing than La Contrabandista, and the fine cast will do justice to their several parts.

Park Garden: The Ambassador's Daughter, which for spectacular effect cannot be surpassed, is nightly increasing in favor. There is talk of strengthening the libretto to equal the music, which in my opinion is equal to the best of any of the popular operas of the day, and if done will prove a bonanza to Messrs. Shirley & Reeves.

Items: THE MIRROR through its correspondent receives many courtesies at the hands of Mr. Asa Waterman, the gentlemanly treasurer of the Park Garden.

NEWPORT.

The New York English Opera co. Friday evening, July 2, in Snow Bound.

TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE.

The Masonic Theatre is undergoing a thorough renovation in the way of repainting, etc. The gallery, which is a very small one, is to be extended, chairs re-arranged, and a new drop curtain and complete set of scenery painted by Jim Hutton, who well understands the handling of the brush. A great many attractions are already booked for next season, which Manager Johnston says he intends making as brilliant as the past.

The Grand Opera House still remains

without a bidder, and it will in all probability remain closed next season.

VIRGINIA.

LYNCHBURG.

Opera House: Manager T. H. Simpson, assisted by local talent, gave a burlesque of Pinafore 20th. The libretto was of his own composition and abounded in local hits, and was a success in all respects, the house being packed, "standing room only" being displayed when the doors were opened. Benefit of charity. The young ladies and gentlemen who assisted have offered a complimentary benefit to the manager for his untiring efforts in securing for our city a better class of shows than formerly visited us, which will take place 29th; sales signify large business. Coming in August, Caroline Riching's Bernard in opera.

WISCONSIN.

MADISON.

For the past week Major Tot, who is probably the smallest being of his age that the world has ever seen, has been giving a series of receptions in our city. The Major is fifteen years of age, and only weighs ten and one half pounds. He was born at Fitchburg, Mass., and is of French descent. He is perfectly formed, strong, active and intelligent; speaks French and English, sings, dances, does stunts, acts, and hides himself in a satchel but sixteen inches long. The Major is truly a wonderful freak of nature. Barnum's show is heavily billed for the 30th as the Great Inter-ocean for July 5. Among the visitors to our beautiful city, we noticed the present week the following dramatic gentlemen: Messrs. J. Duke Murray, M. C. Lester, and W. J. Barnes. They express themselves highly pleased with what they saw.

BELLOIT.

Goodwin's Opera House: 21st, the Clement Bros. and Forrester Troupe appeared before a full house. This co. has lately been strengthened by the addition of L. W. Raymond, late Dick Deadeye of Haverly's C. C. Opera co., and they are giving the best satisfaction. This is the second visit here this season, and they remain great favorites. The musical events of the season will be the concert given by the graduating class of Beloit College 30th, as the engagement of the following talent will show: Remenyi and troupe, Edmond DeCelle, tenor; and Henry Beale, pianist; Hattie Louise Simms, leading soprano of Trinity Church, New York, prima donna; and Aug. Dedrickson, full orchestra. The Harry Webber comb. is booked for two nights the first week in September.

RACINE.

The season at the Opera House is, with two exceptions, closed. Ticket of Leave-man will be presented July 3, by home talent, assisted by J. P. Lester. Pirates co. "C" is booked for 13th, after which the house is to be closed for repairs, and otherwise improved by the enlargement of its entrances and the addition of new scenery. The house will be played by Litt and McFarlane's Wisconsin circuit, next season, and as long as it remains under the gentlemanly and efficient control of its present manager—McFarlane and Rusco—will be sure of success.

MILWAUKEE.

Both houses closed during past week. July 14, to 17 D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance.

NEVADA.

VIRGINIA CITY.

Piper's: Pirates of Penzance, June 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, by a co., late of Bush St. Theatre. Reserved seats going rapidly.

VERMONT.

BURLINGTON.

Howard Opera House: June 22 Heywood Bros. Quadruphontheon comb. to slim orchestra and fair gallery. St. Albans 25th, Morrisville 26th, St. Johnsbury 27th, Claremont, N. H., 29th, Newport, N. H., 30th, then Concord and Manchester.

Booked: Mendelssohn Quartet Club of Boston, 28th, engaged by the graduating class of the University of Vermont for the annual commencement concert.

CANADA.

LONDON.

The Musical Festival came to a brilliant close Friday 25th, with the house packed to the doors. The juvenile operetta, The Picnic, was presented by 40 children aged from six to fourteen years. Its success was such that a written request was sent on the stage signed by fifty prominent citizens to repeat it at an early date. It will accordingly be given again July 2. Manager Park deserves great credit for the way the operetta was placed on the stage, and for the perfect acting of the children.

At the Wednesday concert Ida Hubbard made her appearance as a vocalist. Miss H. is fitting herself for the concert stage and will go to Europe next year to finish her studies. She is now studying under Sig. Steffensen of the College of Music, Cincinnati. Miss Hubbard has a very sweet soprano voice, the middle and lower registers being particularly harmonious.

Walter Burn, a Cincinnati actor, will present, with assistance of amateurs, Celebrated Case at Mechanicsburg, July 3 and 5.

MONTREAL.

Theatre Royal: The past week was a very decided improvement as regards business, the first part of the week being devoted to the representation of Dr. Clyde and the last part was held by W. H. Gower and wife in their specialties—The Marble Heart, etc. This next week we are to have A Man of Mystery, Ticket of Leave Man, and Oliver Twist, and considering that the co. is good and working well together, with such a change of bill, the summer season ought to be made to pay.

Academy of Music: Closed. Items: Forepaugh comes three days next week, and circus is in the minds of all.—W. H. Power intends staying in town some time renewing his old time acquaintances.

TORONTO.

Horticultural Gardens: The Berger family and Sol Smith Russell held forth all week, to very good business. Nothing booked for next week. Cool Burgess and Joe Banks are in town.

HAMILTON.

Dundum Park, June 23: The Dime Entertainment co. presented The Rapparee in good style to a large audience.

NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX.

The Ideal Opera co. in Evangeline on the 17th, 18th, 19th and 21st, and Babes in the Woods on the 22d and 23d, to good houses.

—Tony Pastor and his troupe played to crowded houses all last week at Chicago, and opened Monday night, 28th, at Milwaukee to an overflowing house.

## INTERVIEW WITH D'OYLY CARTE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT SEASON—BERNHARDT'S PROSPECTS HERE—FOREIGN GOSIP—BRONSON HOWARD, MODJESKA AND ARCHIBALD FORBES.

D'Oyly Carte was found one day last week at his office at Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, busily engaged with his California agent in adding up the profits of the San Francisco Pirates of Penzance troupe.

"Are we going to have another Pinafore next winter, Mr. Carte?" was asked.

"I hope so," was the answer. "At all events, I have engaged Booth's Theatre from Henry E. Abbey for a season of comic opera, beginning December 6. Gilbert and Sullivan are at work on a new piece, and if they have it done in time I shall open my season with it. If they are not ready at that time I shall probably have to put on an old piece."

"Will you have the same company that you had last year?"

"I think not, but I have made no arrangements for my company as yet. Twelve of my old company, including Miss Alice Barrett, Miss Bond, Miss Barlow and Mr. Clifton, have sailed for Europe. Miss Roosevelt will remain in this country, and will have a company of her own next year. Brocolini will travel this summer with one of my troupes, which will take a short tour through the various watering places. I don't know what has become of Talbot. I shall probably bring one or two of my new company from London; the others I shall get here."

"Does the Pirates of Penzance continue to be as great a success as ever in London?"

"Yes; it has made a greater hit than Pinafore. The receipts have averaged \$6,000 a week, which is a little more than the seating capacity of the theatre."

"Was it produced any better in London than it was in New York?"

"It was certainly done as well. The principal parts were taken by better actors than they were here, although they did not have as good voices. That is one of the differences, I think, between an English and an American audience. The Americans insist more on good singing, and the English more on good acting."

"Do you think Sara Bernhardt will be successful in this country?"

"Without a doubt, I saw her in Frou-Frou and Adrienne Lecouvreur, and I thought she was by all odds the best actress I had ever seen. She has power, grace, tenderness and versatility in a wonderful degree. She is a genius. She will create a great sensation when she comes to this country. I do not think that she will be able to play in New York for any very long continued season, as there is not a large enough class of French-speaking theatre-goers here. She will certainly draw well for a time."

"How does Modjeska stand in London?"

"She has won a splendid success. She has done this, too, in the face of a good many difficulties. When she first began playing at the matinee performances at the Court Theatre, Wilson Barrett, the manager, had no idea that she would meet with the success that she has. The best members of his company were cast in Bronson Howard's play, Old and New Love, which was given at the evening performances. Barrett made up Modjeska's support, consequently, of whatever material he happened to have, which was not, unfortunately for Modjeska, very good. Charles Coghlan, the leading man of the theatre, is not in the cast, as well as several other of the leading members of the company. When Barrett decided to give up the afternoon performances and replace Howard's play, he thought it would be better not to change the cast then."

"Why was Howard's play withdrawn?"

"Simply because Mr. Barrett thought he had better take advantage of the sensation Modjeska had created while the novelty lasted. Old and New Love will probably be put on again in the Fall."

"Archibald Forbes is coming over here in the Fall under your management, is he not?"

"Yes. Nothing has been decided about his tour, however, except that I shall be his manager, and that he will deliver his lecture, Royal Personages I Have Met."

"Is that the only lecture he will give?"

"Yes. It is a very complete lecture and embraces all the best parts of his very eventful life. I am going back to England in a few weeks, and then we shall decide something definite about his tour."

## News of Christine Nilsson.

(Special Correspondence.)

Mme. Christine Nilsson, in the course of conversation with the writer, explicitly and emphatically denied that she had entered into an arrangement with Mr. Mapleson to visit the United States; what is more, she declares that he has never branched the subject to her in any form, and she is at a loss to conjecture a reason for the boldness and persistency with which an announcement to the above effect has been made. It is, however, extremely probable that Mme. Nilsson will cross the Atlantic this autumn, although it is by no means certain that her visit will be a professional one. The cause of Mme. Nilsson's resolution to revisit the States may be set forth, to use her own words, as "the breach of trust" of her agent in Boston, against whom her indignation is extreme. Mme. Nilsson said that she was persuaded to invest a goodly share of her earnings in America (amounting to some \$200,000) in real estate in Boston; she has also sunk some \$30,000 in Chicago property, and, to repeat her exact words, "not a farthing now remains of the money I realized while in the United States." Mme. Nilsson says that, quite unknown to her, her Boston agent rebuilt buildings on her land in Boston after they were destroyed by fire, and generally took upon himself to involve her in useless and wasteful extravagance. Finally, she says, he evaded all responsibility by taking shelter behind the bankruptcy act. When he failed to pay the carpenters, builders and

the rest, and generally to satisfy the demands consequent upon the erection of houses upon Mme. Nilsson's real estate, the creditors came down upon her, and she had to satisfy their claims perforce.

Mme. Nilsson, who is now singing at Her Majesty's Opera, resides at 116 Belgrade road, Pimlico, which she and her husband, Rouzand, makes not only their London home, but their permanent headquarters. They have recently returned from Madrid, where the diva was the recipient of personal attentions from the King and Queen of Spain during the progress of the wedding rites, and where she sang during a brilliant season of six months. Mme. Nilsson has in her possession an album entirely filled with the photographs of royal personages, their autographs being duly inscribed thereon, and the most recent additions to it are the cartes of Alphonso and his dear young bride. Her Belgravian home contains many treasures; thus, in the window recess of the drawing room, midway between two Indian idols, at once as "beautiful" and as ugly as pug dogs, is an easel upon which rest a number of instruments, including the violin which Mme. Nilsson has guarded throughout the years that have brought her fame and fortune. She took the homely little fiddle up tenderly yesterday, saying, "I used to play on this when I was a peasant girl; many people have wanted it, but I would never let it go." Upon this instrumental shrine was also a guitar, which Mme. Nilsson has adopted in place of the banjo, well-remembered in New York, and still in its green and yellow case, presented to the prima donna while in New York, by Prof. Ogden Doremus. Cabanel's famous picture of Nilsson as Ophelia hangs in her drawing room, the gift of a noble art patron; and here, too, are large companion pieces by a French master, devoted to monks at prayer and study. These sombre and powerful figures find almost a prototype in a large picture of Faust—not as he appears after he has purchased youth, but as he stands in his study and listens to the voice of temptation. Between the windows is a bust of the young Baroness, since dead, who was once Victoria Balfe, daughter of the composer. And here, too, is a picture in profile of the ugly and spirituelle Princess de Metternich, with this inscription in her own hand:

A ma chere Christine, souvenir de vrai affection. METTERNICH.

Mme. Nilsson has also had framed and mounted the illuminated scroll, which begs "the incomparable Marguerite" to return to Russia; it is signed by subscribers to the opera and the list is headed by Trepoff, the assassinated General. Besides the drawing room, there is a billiard room on this floor, and a little recess on the staircase which divides the two apartments is filled with statues of the Virgin and many Marguerites.

Mme. Nilsson receives visitors in a reception room in the rear on the ground floor. She is in excellent health, and the six years that have past since she visited America have touched her lightly, if indeed at all. Unlike others of the race of prime donne, she has not grown in the least stout, and the face and figure are identically the same as those which bowed in farewell on the memorable night when Nilsson and Lucca sang together in the "Stabat Mater" at the Academy of Music. Since then Mme. Nilsson has visited her own country, Sweden, and been welcomed like a queen. When she came into the harbor all the shipping showed the national colors, and she was greeted by thousands, to whom she sang national airs from the balcony of her hotel. While in Sweden she only appeared in concert, and her compatriots have yet to hear her in opera there. Mme. Nilsson says that her feeling for the United States is much the same as for her fatherland—for one thing, because of the cordial greeting which she received from Swedes wherever she went while singing with you. She made many inquiries concerning friends in New York, including Mr. Tilden, to whom she was indebted for many floral tributes. Speaking of Arthur Sullivan, who composed "Let Me Dream Again" for her, Mme. Nilsson said that she had more than once urged him to write a grand opera, but she understood how, with so many demands for his services in a lighter field, he should have hesitated over or delayed making what was in some sense a great experiment.

No pen photograph of Mme. Nilsson is needed, since she is quite the same, but it may be said that she was dressed yesterday in a cool and jaunty suit of white flannel, with a vest and loose jacket, a standing collar, and a blue and red cravat. She wears two heavy gold rings, one set with diamonds and a large sapphire, the other with diamonds and a ruby as precious as the contrasting blue stone.

A friend gives us the following anecdote of dear old John Brougham. During the second and last season of his Lyceum Theatre, on the corner of Broome street and Broadway, New York, the business dropped, and so did the salaries—in fact, for months King Henry did not take the air—consequent demoralization and disgust on the part of the company, who seceded, one by one, like the performers in Haydn's celebrated "Toy Symphony." At last things came to a head, and an indignation meeting was held on the stage and genial John was bullied and badgered till he fairly took to his heels and sought refuge in his private room, whither he was followed by one of the company, his friend and countryman. John had thrown himself in a chair and was weeping bitter tears of mortification. The friend could not stand that. Many a trait of kindness and generosity rose up in his mind, and, rushing back to the stage, he went to the prompt table, and wrote a receipt in full for all back salary. His example was contagious. The rest followed suit, and a general amnesty ensued. Many years afterward John came to California, to play a star engagement. There he met his friend, who had likewise drifted to the Pacific slope. Brougham told him that he was anxious to make a present to a lady, and asked his advice as to the most fitting form in which to put his intention. The friend suggested a handsome set of furs, and Brougham and he went to a store on Montgomery street, where a splendid set was chosen and three hundred and odd dollars forked over by John, in payment for the same. Behold on the friend's return home his wife met him, exclaiming, "Who could have sent me this magnificent present?"—and there was the identical set of furs.



# NEW YORK MIRROR

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G. W. HAMERSLY, Publisher.

NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1880.

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Another Texas Theory.

In the course of the interview which we publish elsewhere, Mr. Maurice Barrymore broaches a new theory in regard to the Jim Currie trial. The jury, he thinks, were purchased by the defense, and several witnesses were paid to commit perjury. Mr. Barrymore feels and speaks very strongly upon the subject, as is quite natural, considering his wound and his position; but our sympathy with his sufferings and his indignation does not induce us to adopt his theory. Such things as perjured witnesses and bribed jurymen are not strange to New York, and so we need not affect any great horror at Mr. Barrymore's suggestion, repugnant as it is to every instinct of justice. There is a case right under the eyes of the profession where

in a person who was convicted by a court of deliberate perjury (and fined over \$3000 for his false swearing) actually tries to pose as the editor of a dramatic weekly. There is another case, only a little more in the shade, wherein a criminal lawyer who was actually thrown over the bar for bribery now parades himself as part proprietor of a society paper, having technically confessed that he conspired to rob a poor woman of her ownership. With such examples offending his sight here in New York, Mr. Barrymore cannot ask us to be very much astonished at his charges of bribery and perjury against the jury and the lawyers down in Texas. We are incredulous, not because we cannot believe his theory to be true, but because we do not see any necessity for such a theory to account for the facts. The verbatim report of the trial forwarded by our energetic correspondent proves that the theory which we promulgated last week is in every respect correct.

Given a Texas jury, all unbribed, and tell them, as Mr. Barrymore did, that two actors got into a quarrel with a drunken man about an actress, and that at least one of these actors, who acknowledged himself to be the champion amateur boxer of England, took off his coat to whip the drunken man—and you may be sure that, without any perjury, the verdict of such a jury will be in favor of the drunken man who shoots, and that, if a verdict of temporary insanity will clear him, it will be promptly rendered. The drunkenness—the two men to one—the champion boxing—all have their effect; but, under the manipulation of able counsel, the actor and actress business clenches the verdict. To the average provincial mind actors are such bad men and actresses such bad women that even such a ruffian as Jim Currie becomes a little angel when he gets into a quarrel with them and kills one of them in his drunken insanity. No bribery is required to make a Texas jury take this view. Actors and actresses may blush at the fact; but whom have they to blame for it? They have subscribed for, they have advertised in, they have openly and tacitly endorsed as their representative, one of the most infamous sheets ever published, its columns crammed with lies and libels upon members of their profession, and yet when people take them at their own valuation and believe all the evil things that their scandalous organ says about them, they are surprised, indignant, outraged! Why should they be so? It is all their own fault, and they know it. The articles which gave Jim Currie's tongue its license to assault Miss Cummins were printed in a paper that lives by blackmailing the profession. The hand that aimed Jim Currie's drunken pistol reached out from an office here in New York and had first laid down the pen with which it had libeled the profession. The same scoundrel who hung an innocent man here by forging his confession, set free a guilty man in Texas by interfering in his prosecution. What nonsense it is to invent a theory of bribery to cover an acquittal for which those members of the profession who have supported that scoundrel and his organ are themselves responsible!

The bright side of the Currie affair is the behavior of the people of Marshall, and we who mourn the names of poor Porter can find some comfort in the outburst of sympathy evoked by his murder among the citizens of Texas. Even Mr. Barrymore, in his interview, does justice to these people. They represent the acquittal of Currie more heartily than any outsiders, and so far from regarding the trial as a notice to all actors to keep out of the State, they hope to show by their treatment of all the troupes who now come to them that Currie's drunken freak is not representative of the feelings of real Texans. To accept Mr. Barrymore's theory of a bribed jury would be to repel this sympathy and breed bad blood among a people who are eager to disavow any responsibility for Currie's crime. When the real responsibility lies so much nearer home it would be poor policy and rank injustice to adopt a course like this. Texas cannot be blotted from the theatrical map because poor Porter was murdered by a drunken ruffian. Mr. Barrymore, who does not accuse the whole State, would have us direct our vengeance against the Texas Pacific Railroad. That corporation, he says, is responsible for Currie's acquittal. How? Because it stood by its employee, as we stood by Potter's ghost, and subscribed funds to see fair play at the trial? And how is the profession to revenge itself upon a railroad? By not riding in its cars? By not accepting its reduced rates for traveling troupes? These questions reduce the railroad theory to an absurdity. Texas will be a safer and a more profitable State for professionals than ever before, in consequence of the public sentiment which Porter's murder and Currie's acquittal has aroused; and, in spite of Mr. Barrymore's eloquence, the profession will be the gainer by the events in which he played so conspicuous a part. But if vengeance is necessary, let it be directed against the real authors of the low estimation in which actors and actresses have been held—against the

libelers who have put insults into Jim Currie's mouth—against the wretches who caused Porter's murder and untied the rope from Currie's neck—not against a people who have done and are willing to do everything in their power to demonstrate that they repudiate both the crime and the criminal.

## The Summer Season.

If it were not for the phenomenal success of the Madison Square and the pluck and enterprise of Colonel Haverly at his Fourteenth Street Theatre and at Niblo's Garden, there would be little or nothing left of this Summer season. Wallack's closed its doors last Friday, and the Union Square followed suit on Saturday, although all the daily papers have persisted in advising their readers to go and see The Love of His Life, up to the time of our going to press. We attended the Madison Square Theatre on one of the hottest evenings last week, and found a large audience present, counting up \$630 in money, besides the professional visitors. The returns for the other nights of the week averaged about the same amount, \$685 being the highest figure. The atmosphere inside the theatre was so deliciously cool that not even a fan was necessary. As the brevity of the waits between the acts did not permit the gentlemen of the audience to "go out and see a man," glasses of cold water were handed about by attentive ushers. The audience was perfectly comfortable, and seemed to enjoy not only the play of Hazel Kirke, but the relief from the blistering warmth outside the theatre. As for the management, we were officially informed that they are making more money now than during the cool weather of last season, the expenses having been reduced and the house averaging very large.

On Monday afternoon for the Poe Statue Benefit (with the thermometer outside at 94°), the house was crowded in every part.

Now, it is a question for our managers to consider very seriously whether they are to learn nothing from this Madison Square experiment. We do not mean that every manager ought to rush off and order a cooling and ventilating apparatus similar to that which Manager Mackaye has adopted. Having carefully inspected that apparatus, we are of opinion that it can be greatly simplified, and that especially the separate pipes for each group of seats can be dispensed with in the next house into which the Mackaye system is introduced. But if, with a play that has already run for six months, and with a stock company not a single member of which is starred (although several deserve that honor), the Madison Square can go on drawing \$600 houses, while every other theatre, except Colonel Haverly's, is obliged to close, then our managers are brought face to face with the problem whether coolness and ventilation do not pay in our places of amusement. If they do, then they must be introduced, either upon the Mackaye system or some other equally effective. To keep a theatre closed during the Summer is costly work for the manager. To be out of an engagement for three months in the year is costly work for the actor. The interests of the profession, to say nothing of the interests of the metropolis, demand that theatres shall be kept open all the year round, if it can be done profitably. Manager Mackaye shows that this is quite possible with his extraordinary inventions. The hit which Our Goblins has made at Haverly's shows that it is sometimes possible, even in an ordinary theatre. Surely there are wit and wisdom enough among our managers to devise some means of keeping their stages occupied and their houses cool, now that the public have proven that they will come to the theatres, now matter how warm the weather, if the attraction and the atmosphere are agreeable.

Some managers think that the Summer season problem is to be solved by transferring the Theatres to Coney Island. We have no doubt that there will be a theatre or two at the island by next year. Indications point that way. The Aquarium and the side-shows are already there; a circus opened there on the 1st inst.; next will come a variety show and then a theatre. But the entire routine of Coney Island will have to be changed before such speculation can have much chance of profit. While the people can get splendid concerts and pure air free, what attractions can you offer to coax them to go into a theatre on the sea-beach? It is much more reasonable, even as a speculation, to try to get them to spend at the theatres in this city the money which they now devote to Coney Island excursions. Those who have studied watering-place theatrics abroad know how difficult it is to induce the regular seaside boarders to attend the theatres, even when the best artists from Paris or London are brought down to attract them. The same difficulty would be found at Long Branch, Cape May and Newport. But in the case of Coney Island, which has comparatively no resident boarders, this difficulty would be increased a hundred-fold. For these reasons we do not believe in Coney Island theatres. We believe in making our regular theatres so pleasant and attractive

during the Summer that the people will go to them and be happy. It is absurd to say that this cannot be done, when it is done at the Madison Square and at Haverly's. What would we think of other men of business who should discharge their employees and lock up their stores during two or three months in the year? Managers are men of business, and if air drawn over ice, or ventilating fans, or machinery to produce artificial breezes will make their theatres comfortable during June, July and August, every place of amusement ought to be transformed into a refrigerator forthwith.

## A Significant Sale.

We hope that no reader will overlook the item which chronicles the foreclosure of the mortgage upon the Standard Theatre, and the selling out at auction of all Josh Hart's interest in the property for just fifty dollars more than the sum for which he had mortgaged it. This sale ends the connection of Josh Hart with the theatricals in this city. One by one the fingers with which he clutched on to the profession have been pried open, and he now drops into obscurity. We have no doubt that the work which THE MIRROR has accomplished here will be repeated by the fearless, independent press of Boston, and that not a single professional, not an inch of canvas, not a splinter of the stage, will hereafter own any relationship to Josh Hart or to any others of his gang. It has been a hard fight, and often those whose cause we were advocating have been the first to appeal to us to hold our hands; but week by week we have persevered; skirmish after skirmish has been won, and now this forced sale of the Standard is a complete defeat of the enemy. Under the new proprietor, gallant Manager Henderson holds the fort, as before, and the Standard, redeemed and purified, ought now to take rank as a first-class theatre, while the gang go their ways to the gallows or the gutter.

## A Quiet Campaign.

The nominations of Garfield at Chicago and Hancock at Cincinnati have taken all the hurrah and the bitterness out of both the Republican and the Democratic parties, and there will be nothing in the political canvass to interfere with theatricals from this time until November. A campaign of calumny may be, and probably will be, carried on in the partisan papers; but the people do not sympathize with this sort of electioneering. Already the Democratic organs have informed us that Garfield is "a corrupt perjurer," and the Republican party have retaliated by calling Hancock "a pretentious blockhead" and "an ass." This is very strong, but it is not politics. So far as the theatres are concerned, it might go on forever, without keeping a single person out of the house. The indications are that the campaign will not amount to much more than this, and that outside of the partisan press, it will be quiet and uneventful. Managers can therefore proceed with their arrangements undisturbed by the politicians, and good paying business will probably begin in August and hold for the whole season.

Thus, the Daily Globe, 'an Francisco: The New York Mirror comes to us this week with a bright and interesting letter on San Francisco affairs from its new correspondent. The change is a most desirable one, and as the present incumbent is thoroughly familiar with theatrical affairs and is capable of expressing his ideas in a lively and intelligent manner, there is every reason to suppose that THE MIRROR will not remain long neglected on the counters of our newsdealers. A lively and interesting local letter always creates a demand for any paper containing one, as may be instanced by the popularity of the Dramatic News, which had everything pretty much its own way until recently.

A new structure of immense dimensions is to be erected on the corner of Fourteenth street and Third avenue for a German Theatre, Concert Hall and Summer Garden, to be managed by Adolf Neuendorf. It is to be built by a stock company with a capital of \$300,000, in shares of \$100 each. Already \$120,000 have been subscribed. The building will be in the Renaissance style, with a frontage of 234 feet on East Fourteenth street. It will be completed a year hence.

W. Elliott Barnes, the dramatic author, will spend the summer at his cottage on Spring Lake Beach; he originally intended to run over to Europe for a few months, but his orders for new plays for next season have accumulated so fast lately, that he will be compelled to work hard as it is, to have them all ready for production in the Fall.

Le Chevalier Blondin "The Hero of Niagara," is now appearing with unparalleled success at Bucharest, Germany, after which he will appear at Graz, Prague, Vienna, Berlin, etc., and will return to the United States and again cross Niagara 100 feet above the cataract and 250 feet above Niagara River.

Agnes Leonard is passing the Summer at the George Hotel, Bridgeport.

## PERSONAL.

ENGLISH.—Will E. English and wife are in Boston.

SEQUIN.—Zelda Sequin is shortly to be married again.

ABBEY.—Henry E. Abbey sails from Liverpool for New York to-day.

FLORENCE.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence embark for England July 7.

LEE.—Amy Lee has signed a contract with Milton Nobles for next season.

CAPOUL.—Capoul is going to retire temporarily from professional duties.

ANDERSON.—Mary Anderson is one of the Summer attractions of Long Branch.

MORRIS.—Clara Morris is Summering at her delightful country place on the Hudson.

BOOTH.—Marie Booth goes to Wallack's next season as a member of the regular company.

EMMET.—Joe Emmet is again "at liberty" until the Fall. His incarceration was but brief.

ALTERATIONS.—The alterations have been commenced already in the interior of the Park Theatre.

HOWARD.—Joseph Howard, Jr., did the Convention reports for the Herald with his little hatchet.

JEWETT.—Sara Jewett will spend her vacation alternating between the seaside and the mountains.

POLK.—Mme. Julia Polk will sing the leading role next season in Dudley Buck's new opera Desaret.

GEDNEY.—Judge F. G. Gedney, a good friend to the profession and all professionals, will shortly sail for Europe.

GILLETTE.—Will Gillette will give The Professor a New York opening at the Madison Square some time in August.

JACKSON.—Hart Jackson will manage the Dudley Buck Opera company next season, under J. H. Haverly's management.

BOOTH.—Edwin Booth and family sailed yesterday for Europe by the Gallia—Emma Thursby embarked on the same ship.

HOWARD.—Marion Howard may take a European trip previous to entering upon her professional duties the coming season.

PALMER.—Manager A. M. Palmer is a martyr to dyspepsia. He is sojourning at his elegant country seat at Stamford, Conn.

DUFF.—The past week has been dull in every sense of the word. Everybody who could, fled from the intense heat of the city.

HATTON.—Joseph Hatton, the novelist and dramatist, is engaged to give readings from his own works at Steinway Hall in September.

BURGESS.—Neil Burgess, they say, intends marrying Amy Stoddart, a member of the Bedott company, next month in San Francisco.

DUFF.—While making up his mind whether to be a gold-miner or a manager, James C. Duff is enjoying the Coney Island luxuries.

MAYO.—Frank Mayo was announced to open yesterday (June 30) at the Liverpool Alexandria Theatre, supported by Laura Don, who sailed a few days since.

DEAD.—Texas Jack, the well known sensational actor, died at Leadville, Col., Monday morning. His wife, Morlacchi, is seriously ill, and her life is despaired of.

HANLEY.—Mart Hanley is one of the longest headed and astutest managers on Union Square. He steams about like a locomotive perfecting all arrangements for Harrison's tour.

THE FOURTH.—Can Mary Anderson's melodious voice put music into the document for which our forefather's fought and bled, and which she will read at the State House, Philadelphia, Independence Day?

JANUSCHEK.—Why should Januscheck object to having her face and figure used for lithographs to illustrate the peculiar corner of a stomach-pad? Live and live—er alone, is evidently the tragedienne's maxim.

FOR SWEET CHARITY.—Sara Bernhardt is going to dance at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, for the benefit of a charitable association. Her scant understandings will doubtless prove as interesting as those of The Fairy in Hobbies.

IRVING.—Henry Irving played Shylock the other night, with Bernhardt in a box. She pronounced him "an extraordinary actor." She says now that she will make a "bust" of the English tragedian. Not the kind that severed her connection with the Theatre Francaise.

FISKE.—Home Journal: "This is not the theatrical season, but the dramatic department of the Spirit of the Times is still very readable and interesting. Mr. Fiske need not be supplied with a subject; he originates fun and fancy although the facts for foundation are few and far between. His long residence abroad and his experience as a manager in both countries well fit him to fill the critic's chair.

LEONARD.—We present a picture of Agnes Leonard this week, whose handsome face bears out all the complimentary things that have been said about her beauty. In criticizing her acting, the London Sporting and Dramatic News said recently: "Miss Agnes Leonard's elocution is polished and refined; her voice sweet, soft and harmonious. She treads the stage with a lady-like dignity and ease, and is altogether without that peculiar affectation of speech and manner which we call staginess." She will be prominent among the stellar attractions next season.



## THE USHER.

*Send him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.  
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.*

The right of copyright is not half so often demonstrated as its wrong, while on all sides, the necessity of remodelling and strengthening our very incomplete and fragile law governing this matter, nobody seems to be able to offer an efficacious remedy. All honest people admit that it is as much a theft to steal the treasure harvested from the ripeness of a man's brain, as it is to commit depredations upon his pocket. While it often happens that he who would steal a play, like he who steals a purse, steals trash, nevertheless it cannot be denied that the distinction lies rather in the favor of the money-thief, inasmuch as he runs the imminent risk of sacrificing his freedom, while the brain-thief, even if detected and convicted, is menaced by no such disagreeable result. The brain-thief, too, has this advantage over the money-thief: his larceny is countenanced and openly condoned by Society, and he jeopardizes neither caste, character nor reputation. I think everybody whose hands are clean of any participation in this species of literary thievery, will fully agree with me in denouncing this form of dramatic guerilla, as positively the meanest sort of robber that treads the earth.

And speaking of these theatrical blockade runners, reminds me of the case of a lady who played *The Child Stealer*, a short time since, at Niblo's. I heard that the play was to have been enjoined by Miss Fanny Davenport, who had purchased the right to it. As there were no developments (the piece being played until the close of a fortnight's engagement), I wrote a letter of inquiry to Miss Davenport, at her country residence up among the Pennsylvania mountains, and received the following reply:

"HILLSIDE," June 26, 1880.

In reply to yours of the 23d, concerning *The Child Stealer*, I would say that a year and a half ago I wrote to Mrs. English, the mother of Lucille Western, to learn if she would sell me her daughter's play, to keep as a memento of the great artist, rather than to play, as from my childhood I had always possessed a great admiration for her. She said she owned Lucille's play, and that I might purchase it for \$250.00 including manuscript, music, parts, etc. I thought that as a substitute for Oliver Twist it might be of value to me for a Saturday night bill in various places. Together with the manuscripts, Mrs. English sent me the copyright and assignment, thereby giving me the exclusive right to the piece. I was not aware at the time that there was a published play bearing the same name; nor do I believe any existed until after Miss Western's death. I have the legal title to the drama, and can at any time assert my right and enjoin its production. This action I should have taken, had I intended to include *The Child Stealer* in my next season's repertoire. My new play by Miss Anna Dickinson renders it needless. The necessary legal proceedings would have called me to the heated city, at a time set apart for rest and recreation, therefore I simply wrote the lady who was about to play my piece, a note stating my claim, and naming a small nightly royalty for its use. She sent a reply saying that she had a right to the play, because it was from the French. That may be, but she has no right to the name *The Child Stealer* for which I hold the copyright. I can stop its performance when I choose, but that course would prove an immense gratuitous advertisement for the lady, which I feel I am not quite generous enough to give her. Therefore, for the present, I drop the matter. Any further information you may desire to acquire, will with pleasure be furnished by my counsel.

Most sincerely yours,  
FANNY DAVENPORT.

I interrogated Miss Davenport's New York counsel to get at the legal aspects of the affair. He said: "Miss Davenport referred to me the question as to her right to the exclusive representation of a play called *The Child Stealer*, by Charles Gayler. It was the play so successfully produced for many years by Lucille Western. Miss Davenport furnished me the original manuscript, with Miss Western's individual stage-business, noted in her own handwriting; also, the official copyright with a legally-drawn and executed assignment by Mrs. English to Miss Davenport. Her legal title is beyond question, and she has an undoubted right to enjoin any production of *The Child Stealer*. At the time it was advertised to be played at Niblo's, the necessary legal papers were drawn to enforce my client's rights in the premises. After attending the initiatory performance, I advised Miss Davenport that it was indisputably a case in which the game wasn't worth the powder. The play was so poorly produced, and met with such very limited patronage, that it was readily settled in my mind that it wouldn't require legal proceedings to make the engagement a short one. I did not consider it worth while, for the sake of a few nights' performances, to bring Miss Davenport from her charming Summer retreat into the hot, sultry city at a time given over from work to pleasure, which, owing to her remarkable success, is necessarily short. Miss Davenport coincided with my views. It strikes me that the whole matter, like the New York production, is scarcely worth two lines of your valuable space."

Hardly had the decision of the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati been flashed over the wires last Thursday, before the tall, gaunt figure of Bartley Campbell, might have been seen eddying joyfully about Union Square, proclaiming his intense satisfaction at the shape the nomination had taken. For, while it is allowed by all save

his enemies that Bartley is a full-fledged playright, it may not be so widely known that he is both theoretically and practically an out and out Democrat. Shed Shook isn't. When the two met on Thursday, in the office of the Union Place Hotel, therefore, the bystanders who knew the respective politics of the well known citizen on the one hand, and the well known dramatic author on the other, sidled up within hearing distance, and waited expectantly for something to happen. They were not disappointed. Something did happen.

"Congratulate us, Shook!" exclaimed Mr. Campbell, holding out his broad palm, in that peculiar manner for which his "shake" is noted.

"What for, Bart?" asked the politician.

"On our having secured a democratic president for the next four years," replied the imperturbable dramatist.

"What?" shouted Shook, "The presidential chair will next hold James A. Garfield."

"Sure of that?" queried Campbell.

"Sure as fate. Stake anything on it."

"What'll you bet?" excitedly cried the author, sweating like a Galley Slave all the time.

"I'll put up five hundred dollars, even," said Shook.

"Done!" answered Campbell, and the bystanders felt in their pockets and wondered whether so early in the summer they could afford to lose five cents.

A half hour later Shed Shook made another wager of the same amount with Andrew Dam of the Union Square Hotel.

I've just received a letter from my friend Trot, who is putting in a few days of enjoyment at the Branch. I hesitate about publishing it, for I don't know whether Trot would care particularly to have his effusion made public, as it was intended for my benefit alone. But I am not selfish. I don't wish anybody to think that I want all the cream for myself, so I think it will be impossible for me to give the go-by to such a pleasant resume of theatrical doings and movements at our queen of American watering-places. And I'll give my word that I will make all reasonable amends to Trot by publishing her letter—and then writing and asking her permission afterward.

OCEAN HOUSE,  
LONG BRANCH, JUNE 28, 1880.

DEAR MR. USHER:

Long Branch has shaken off its winter lethargy; its fine avenues once more glitter with handsome equipages and gay promenaders, and the "season" has set in with a rush and vim that must be the cause of ecstasy unparalleled to the hotel-keepers and hackmen. The oldest inhabitant genially informs me that never has it been so lively here at this time of the year. Indeed my own observation amply proves that; all the winter and Spring scores of carpenters have been at work building new hotels and cottages, as well as putting additions to the old ones—yet these fill up so rapidly that there is already a cry for more. You would hardly be surprised at this could you see the multitudes daily thronging away from the hot city to our cool breezes. The pier boats each day bring crowds of pleasure-seekers, and forty trains between every morning and night stop at our depot, depositing each its cargo of sweltering humanity. Compare this state of affairs with some dozen years ago, when the luckless inhabitant, desiring to go to the city, was compelled to arise at the blissful hour of four or five to catch the one train that might bear him to his destination; and that missed, he might put his hands in his pockets, perhaps murmur a few amiable words, and sit down and wait until the same time next day.

Compare that state of affairs, I say, with the present booming one, and hearken not to the croaker who tells you Long Branch is losing ground by the side of her numerous rivals. Indeed, why should she? She has all the advantages that any of the Summer resorts can boast. Easy of access, the bathing place, the drives good and plenty of them, the scenery beautiful, and—oh! ye devotees of Coney Island, Saratoga, Cape May, the mountains or seaside in general or particular, listen, and grind your teeth with envy—there are no mosquitoes! Tell me, if you can imagine a more perfect state of happiness than to pass the whole evening comfortably stretched on the grass, without fear either of that ogre rheumatism or those little pests that generally make life a burden in warm weather. Our salt air is warranted an infallible preventive of either.

Life here is enjoyable and many enjoy it, but of all the many I do not believe any class more so than our professional ones. They all have the little tinge of Bohemianism in their nature that enables them to know just how to have a good time, and you may be sure if there is any of that commodity floating around they are going to be the ones to have it. I look around for the old familiar faces and, after all, find but few missing. Theodore Moss, however, is among the number. He has rented his cottage and gone to Red Bank, some distance in the interior; not too far, however, for a nice drive, and I have no doubt we shall often see the family in the direction of their home. The last one of our professional habitues to arrive was Frank Chantreaux, coming from his recent Wallace engagement that closed a long and prosperous season. In fact, one has only to look around to see that the theatrical season has been good. Improvements are visible everywhere. There is J. W. Albaugh (whose three theatres must be a source of joy to his pocketbook as well as his heart, for he has been spending money freely) altering and enlarging his house, until the former little cottage now looms up as portentously as any in the Branch. Then Maggie Mitchell has been fixing up her place; so has Mrs. Adams; and the only reason W. R. Floyd does not, is because his is such a cosy little spot it is just right as it is. But the question of all visitors is, "Show us Mary Anderson's place, and show us Mary Anderson." In answer to this we point you out a lovely house, furnished most tastefully and handsomely, and embellished with very pretty grounds. As for the young lady herself, listen and you

hear a clatter of horse's heels; then the "Kentucky thoroughbred" is in sight; a momentary vision of a tall, slender figure seated thereon, a lovely face, a cloud of dust, and you have seen Mary Anderson.

If you wait long enough you will see a pair of black ponies driven by a little lady in whose bright face you recognize the lineaments of the wayward Fanchon, dear to the hearts of all theatre-goers; then perhaps you may meet Manager Henderson, handling the ribbons of this hay trotter; or Gerald Eyre, a frequent visitor with the Sewells, who seems to have quite abandoned the boards and footlights for the evidently more congenial pleasures of country paths and Botany. Brignoli, too, has a soft spot in his heart for the Branch, where he is often a guest of Felix De Fontaine. Mr. Hooley of Chicago was recently here to secure board for his family. He was accompanied by Bartley Campbell, who was seeking a pleasant spot where he may pass the Summer and draw, I suppose, a host of inspirations for a myriad of successes next season.

But surely our professionals ought to enjoy themselves, for their vacation is brief. Already the ominous question "When do you commence your season?" is heard, and as the greater part of them, with a sorrowful shake of the head, have to record "early dates," the only thing left is to make the most of the few short hours that are theirs and get all the enjoyment that is to be had here—which is considerable. If you are skeptical, all I can say is, "Come and try it yourself."

Yours to command, TROT.

And so, after all, the European exodus of our actors and actresses has not infected the faithful and steadfast ones that gather round the standard of the Branch. I've made up my mind, Trot, to accept your excellent advice; so if you happen to see my Saratoga trundled up to the Ocean House some fine day, I give you carte blanche to conclude immediately that I've decided to "come and try it myself."

The Standard Theatre was sold at auction Monday, the result of a foreclosure suit against Jonah Josh Hart. The mortgage amounted to \$28,850 and the theatre was knocked down to the plaintiff, Bernard Earle, for \$28,900. The sale has no bearing whatever upon Manager Henderson's lease, which continues just the same. There was a rumor about town some time since that Bartley Campbell had sub-let the Standard for five months next season. Further than that he has partly made some arrangements to produce one or two of his plays there next season, so far as I have ascertained, there is no truth in the legend.

Last week I announced the death of Kate Santley, the English comic opera singer, on the authority of an English exchange. Fortunately it is as easy to resuscitate a person in print, as it is to kill and bury them. I am very happy, therefore, to be able to perform the former pleasing operation and chronicle the fact that Miss Santley is not dead, but, on the contrary, recovering from her recent very severe and dangerous illness. Of course, it would be heathenish in me to regret that the lady still lives, breathes and aas her being, with the prospect of an indefinite continuance of the same for a long time to come, but at the same time, I can't help saying that it is sort of unpleasant to have my nice little obituary notice defeated in this summary way.

NEW YORK, JUNE 28, '80.

Will you oblige an assiduous reader of your valuable paper by telling who or what "Gommy" is? Is it a living thing, or a creation of the mind?

READER.

"What is Gommy?" is the question That you ask with grave unrest. Gom—Gom—Gommy? Why, dear "Reader," 'Tis a form of little pest That is neuter, and in Latin Would be briefly termed, "Quid est?"

That the daily papers should lend their editorial columns to advertise a fraud like that perpetrated by the owners of the excursion boat, Grand Republic, yesterday, seems incredible. Nicely worded notices appeared in the leading journals Monday morning to the effect that the steamer Grand Republic had been chartered by the friends of Edwin Booth, to accompany the Gallia down the bay to the narrows, where a parting salute of cannon was to be fired to speed the voyage of the departing tragedian. The whole business was the barest kind of fraud, everybody being eligible to the title of Mr. Booth's "friend" by paying a half dollar, embarking on the excursion steamer and afterward making the regular trip to Rockaway Beach and return. Tuesday morning the notices were varied, Miss Thursday being named as the recipient of the fifty cent farewells. Reputable newspapers should be more chary of encouraging such a swindle by being induced through a few lines of advertisement to bestow the free use of their local columns. Mr. Booth's name was used without permission, and he expressed himself greatly annoyed that he should involuntarily be dragged into an unwilling participation of the fraudulent scheme, through the piracy of his name. The managers of the disgraceful gull have had themselves open to very serious charges, and the result was shown in the contempt with which their catchpenny devices were treated.

The June number of the Dramatic Magazine is a great improvement over that for May. Its bent is more in the direction of what its name signifies than was the former issue. The contents are focussed more directly upon matters closely relating to the drama, and the result is consequently satisfactory. A contribution from the pen of Louise Pomeroy is the brightest feature of the

tasteful periodical, and there are a number of less luminous yet entertaining papers from other sources, which may be perused with interest. The proud boast of the editor that there is no room in his periodical for free advertisements, must have been made previous to the "making-up" of its business columns. As it happens the copy for June, now before me, contains no less than a dozen, out of three times as many professional "cards" which have been copied literally from THE MIRROR. The dodge of inserting the advertisements of prominent people gratuitously in order to convey the impression that a publication has their substantial support, is by no means a new one. It has been carried on for several years by Byrne the Blackguard in his disreputable sheet. The deception is transparent, and he must be blind indeed who does not see through it. "Dead ads," as they are termed, are of small aid to a newly launched journal, and I should strongly advise the gentlemen who edit and publish the Dramatic Magazine, to discard so flimsy a pretext to attract patronage, which in truth hoodwinks nobody. It is not in accord with the honest intents and honorable course laid out in their prospectus.

I think I am quite safe in saying that to-day Sarah Bernhardt is the best gratuitously advertised woman in the world. Fanny Davenport, Maud Granger, and Mrs. Florence will have to look to their laurels, from the fabulous account of Bernhardt's wardrobe, if they wish to maintain their several reputations next season as the best dressed women on the American stage. Get more diamonds and laces, ladies, if you would hold your own against the French invader.

Newspaper busybodies have been bothering their heads about the contingency that might arise should English of the Democratic ticket be elected, and through any accident be installed in the executive mansion at Washington. They are agitated for fear that an actress (Miss Annie Fox), Mr. English's daughter-in-law would do the honors of the White House. Let them hold their peace, for whatever may be the results of the election, Mr. and Mrs. Will E. English will continue to reside at Indianapolis, and his sister would grace the Executive Mansion should any necessity arise.

The verdict in the Currie case has aroused a great deal of bitterness among a number of people here in the North, and several hot-headed and indiscreet journalists have unjustly commented upon the affair, condemning, for this one act, the people and the laws of Texas. The press of the State, toward which attention has been unpleasantly called by this matter, which may fairly be said to represent the reputable majority of the people, is unanimous in its indignation at the result of the farce-trial, and it honestly asks that public opinion may not broadly stamp the people of their state with the dishonor brought down upon their courts of justice by the corrupt, bought, and ignorant jury, who unfortunately disposed of the case. While I do not wish to say one word which would stand in the way of a just and proper anger against the twelve purchased nincompoops who were charged with the responsibility of bringing a red-handed murderer to justice and meting out to him the punishment he deserved, I would ask all fair minded people to consider that there has been more than one parallel case outside the limit of Texas in which men as guilty as Currie have escaped scot-free. To-day, in this city of New York there walk unfettered and unpunished a hundred men whose crimes found them out, but who were rescued from just retribution by the lame "insanity" plea. Yet, our own city has not been condemned thereupon, as a place which strangers should avoid, and in which a man's life was at the disposal of any man who chose to take it. Stokes and MacFarland were lightly dealt with, although the evidence of their guilt was strong enough to have hanged a dozen men. Let the newspapers of Texas retaliate upon the attacks directed at their people from Northern pens, by recalling a few of these incidents of our own record of abortive justice.

## THE WEEK AT THE THEATRES.

"The Play's the thing."—HAMLET.

Theatrical affairs just now are at a very low ebb, and there is little or nothing to chronicle this week, save the performance now being given at Niblo's by Haverly's Genuine Colored Minstrels. Saturday night Fred Paulding closed his season at the Union Square, having wisely concluded not to keep on another week. Business had been poor the last few nights. The Poe Statue Fund Matinee at the Madison Square, Monday, was a very elegant and noteworthy affair.

At Niblo's Monday night, notwithstanding the intense and suffocating heat, a large crowd gathered to witness the opening performance given by Haverly's Genuine Colored Minstrels, a hundred strong, having been largely reinforced. They presented an entertainment at once interesting and admirable. The only weak feature of the organization is that it partakes of a quality that would be more in place on the concert than the minstrel stage. A thoroughly enjoyable evening may be spent at Niblo's however, which is, next to the Madison Square, the coolest theatre in the city. The Genuine Colored Minstrels will probably repeat their wonderful achievement of last Summer, when they held the boards of Haverly's Fourteenth Street house against all

to opposing drawbacks of heat and a dull Summer.

A fashionable assemblage came together Monday afternoon at the Madison Square, on the occasion of the benefit given by Edwin Booth and others in aid of the Poe Statue Fund. Steele Mackaye commenced the entertainment, by appropriately reciting *The Raven*, and then the following programme was carried out:

Songs by the Swedish Lady Quartet—Miles. Ingeborg Leofgren, Inga Ekstrom, Aena Cedergren and Emma Larson; Shamus O'Brien, a recitation by George Clarke; piano solo, by Frank Gilder, song, My Queen, by Nellie Summers; recitation, *The Little Hero*, by F. C. Bangs; aria, *Infelice*, by George A. Conly; serenata, *Leggenda Vallacea*, Braga, by Bianca Lablancha (Miss Davenport), after which as an encore she sang *The Last Rose of Summer*; a harp solo, by Maud Morgan; the sleep-walking scene, from *Macbeth*, by Clara Morris, and songs—a. Taaren (*The Tear*), Witt; b. Skynda pa (*Hurry Up*), Nylhn—Swedish Lady, Quartet. The entertainment ended with the presentation of Katherine and Petruchio, with the following effective cast: Petruchio, Edwin Booth; Grampo, Thomas Whiffen; Baptista, I. Deveau; Blondello, Murray Woods; Pedro, George C. Jordan; Music Master, John Matthews; Tailor, T. F. Brennan; Cook, Lyander Thompson; Katherine, Effie Ellsler; Curtio, Lonisa Eldridge. The performance went off smoothly, and a handsome sum was realized for the object in hand.

The Park Theatre is in the hands of the painters, upholsterers, and decorators. The 150th performance of Hazel Kirke was signaled at the Madison Square.—Gill's Goblins are doing well at Haverly's.

## THE VARIETY THEATRES.

The warm weather of the past few days has had its effect upon the attendance at all the city variety theatres, and although the attractions have been generally very good, the various houses have done only a fair business. At the London, the Hassens appear in their sketch *Just From Arkansas*; Alice Somers, song and dance lady; Add Weaver and Nellie Parker in *A Policeman's Troubles* with a Bootblack; Billy Hasen, in popular songs; Saville and Byrne in their original oration, *The College of Music*; Mollie Wilson in a selection of songs from her extensive repertoire; Luke Schoolcraft and George H. Coes in their laughable sketch called *Mrs. Diddimer's Party*; Nellie Parker in motto songs; then after an overture by Donaldson's orchestra the performance concludes with a plantation sketch, entitled *Life in the South*, with all the best people of the company in the cast.

Manager Greselberg's Volks' seems to have received a larger patronage than most of the other houses during the past week—probably due to the fact that the patrons of the Volks' have found the ventilation of the auditorium to be admirable, and the beer more refreshing when served in schoolroom at popular prices. Following is the programme: The curtain rises on *A Change of Administration*, a sketch in which Charlie Banks is very funny as the Dark Horse; Minnie Emery follows in serio-comic; Landis and Steele, acrobatic song-and-dance men; Ada Sanborn, ballad vocalist; Maggie Nichols, "wire-worker"; Charles Banks in his creation of the Poor Old Maid; Frank Wills and Cameron in the *Modern School of Acting*; the Four Diamonds—Clark, Watson Brevard and Sawtelle—in their burlesque circus act; and little Todd, who is said to be engaged at a salary of \$150 per week to do a balance act. Two Buzzards is the title of the afterpiece.

## PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

—Ada Cavendish plays in New York the latter part of August.

—Wm. F. Gilchrist invites attention to a number of strong plays for sale.

—Emily Delmar has not positively settled what she will do next season.

—H. D. Van Wyck, of the New Academy of Music at Norfolk, Va., was in town last week.

—Wash Blodgett has been engaged by Charles Forbes as advance agent for the coming season.

—Gussie DeForrest is shortly to appear at the Windsor Theatre in Charles Reade's *Double Marriage*.

—The one thousandth performance of Rice's *Evangeline* was given at the Boston Theatre last night.

—Maggie Van Tassel, a bright soubrette, has been engaged to travel with E. A. Sothern next season.

—The bill during Clara Morris' Fall engagement at the Park, Boston, will include Miss Multon and Camille.

—Hugh D'Arcy, Minnie Palmer's business manager, writes crisp sketches occasionally for the weekly story papers.

—Sara Bernhardt's sister, Jeanne Bernhardt, will be a member of her sister's supporting company, which is now being formed.

—Charles E. Locke of the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, says business is and has been uniformly good at his theatre the past 8 months.

—Signora Majeroni, already well-known in the part, will play Francesca in one of Bartley Campbell's Galley Slave companies, replacing Emily Rigi.

—A. C. Gunter is under contract to write a farcical play for Minnie Palmer. She will retain her Boarding-School as the principal feature of her repertoire.

—A Boston theatrical company recently played a scene laid in a church so naturally, that to many of the audience it seemed so real that they went to sleep.

—Ada Monk, who was a member of the Fanny Davenport Theatrical Company during the season just closed, joined Rev. Robert Collier's Church Sunday last.

—The Kiralfy Bros. will not do the *Black Venus* next season, confining their repertoire to the *Black Brook*, *Enchantment*, and *Around the World in Eighty Days*.



## DISREPUTE(?) OF THE STAGE.

(Dramatic Magazine.)

If society or the world's intelligence were asked to show why dramatic life has gained prominence for disrepute, it would reply, if it answered honestly, by asking a question. That question would spring from a reflective standpoint, as follows: "Is the dramatic profession really in disrepute?"

Compared with the other professions and intelligent trades, is it actually disreputable? And what is disrepute, in the sense used by those who claim there is an established taint upon theatrical life?

These are stubborn questions, if there is no truth in the assertion that the stage is disreputable. If it is, there must be some reliable causes for the condition so named, and persistent investigation may find a solution for the same.

Shall we locate one of the causes upon the drama itself, and condemn all dramatic composition as unclean, impure and demoralizing?

Or shall it be laid to the custom of representation and stage adaptation? If not in these, shall it be attributed to the actors, and say that through scenic enacting there is degeneration, impurity and disrepute?

Or shall it be laid wholesale to the three? Admitting there may be a reputation for disrepute, it naturally springs from one or all of the causes alluded to.

Let us see how this horn of the argument bears evidence to such a belief.

If the art of dramatic composition contains the seeds of impurity, and has inoculated public sentiment with disfavor toward it, what are the facts that prove it to be so, or proclaim its origin?

As regards the Greek dramatists, had they been as impure as the French literature of a later period, there has been time enough, under the Christian and educative progression of the world since, to obliterate every trace of their limited literature.

Shakespeare and the modern dramatists have never suffered any startling unpopularity or ostracism at the hands of refined and Christian society. If dramatic literature of the standard quality finds favor with the moral tone of the age, that is itself growing better from year to year, the so-called disrepute of the stage cannot be traced in bulk to dramatists or their productions, although exceptional cases may be admitted—such as the French plays, the present day society dramas and the broad burlesque; but these exceptions are in no way responsible for the reputation of the stage as a profession, any more than an unpopular sect of socialists is responsible for the character of other professions, or the standard of Christian morals.

Is it in the fact of representation that the art dramatic is considered disreputable? If so, wherein?

The art of acting calls into exercise the highest intelligence, and the power of simulating feeling. Is that art radically different from that of the artist, the sculptor or the author? Is not this the real object of each, and the modus operandi to the same results?

The object of the opera is to enact from an intelligent musical basis the author's ideas, and produce through harmony and effect a sympathetic impression upon others. With the actor the object is the same, and made different only through the forms of action and utterance.

The most successful and popular orator, in the pulpit or on the platform, is he who can accomplish the same results most certainly and emphatically. Had dramatic literature, or its representation upon the stage, been so contagiously evil, was it so great in excess and quantity, or so low in quality, that all the progress and refinement of half a dozen civilized nations of the past five hundred years were unequal to its subjugation? When heathenism of the darkest kind, cannibalism the most repulsive, superstition, vice, ignorance, and all the sins of national and social color have been met, battled and vanquished through Christian influence and the moral advancement of the age, what a pitiful argument is that which confesses to lack of ability, in meeting a limited class of literary productions, and public amusements considered disreputable, and anchoring or purifying the same.

If this declared disrepute lies in the personators alone, it is a sorry comment upon the refinement of society that it has regularly upheld and patronized them. In the face of such an argument, the people are simply applauding what they disclaim. We do not accept the charge that there is an "established disrepute of the stage," for three reasons:

First—There is nothing absolutely demoralizing in standard dramatic literature.

Second—There is nothing impure in its representation, as an art.

Third—If there are any disreputable people who are actors, it is not because of the profession; and if upheld in the profession, it is the fault of those who uphold and accept, and so far as proportionate numbers may be cited, there are no more black sheep among actors than among lawyers, doctors, merchants, ministers, and the money-veiled classes of society.

If a merchant, or five hundred merchants, are known to be social lepers, in point of morals, it does not necessarily bring the entire mercantile business into disrepute. No more does it if ten actors, whose lives are on their sleeves, are wanting in moral rectitude.

To assume the other horn of the dilemma (and it seems to be the safest one) that there is no absolute disrepute in the world's eyes attached to the drama, a few interrogations are necessary, the reply to which will bring us to safe deductions.

What establishes disrepute? "Reputation, of course," says one.

More, say we—a reputation indorsed by the majority.

Now is the theatre indorsed by the majority as disreputable?

That question is "the feather that must break the camel's back." If so, if the majority consider the drama disreputable, why

is it public amusements flourish? Would theatres increase and thrive upon the patronage of Christian and polite society?

Indeed, no! They do flourish, increase and grow rich, and they are enriched, patronized and supported by the culture and respectability of the world, and the leaders in the profession ornament society, and hold place as eminently respectable citizens.

The truth of the matter is, that the so-called disrepute has grown largely out of church antagonism, and the unfortunate publicity of any error committed by an actor, that in other classes of society is generally covered up.

Public influence has been against the drama for years. Yet the best patronage of the theatres and operas to-day is from the class that also build, support and attend churches. Either the teachings of the pulpit are not indorsed, or the people practice the theory that they can be good Christians and support theatres as well as churches. This would be the most sensible view of the case.

Fanatic argument has gone further, and denounced the influence of theatrical amusements as destructive to public morals, and held up the vices of new countries as having their origin in "gambling dens, theatres and saloons."

History convinces us that this view of dramatic influence is not true.

No better illustration can be afforded than life on the Pacific coast before and after the establishment of theatres. Crime, dissipation and debauchery reached its zenith in the saloons, gambling-hells and other places wherein men were accustomed to rendezvous before the establishment of theatres. When they opened, a major part of that patronage settled down to theatrical attendance. Riotous conduct and immorality did not take place within the walls of the theatres; people who did not behave themselves properly prior to the opening of theatres were compelled to do so there.

Churches and theatres did everything toward settling the masses down to an orderly and respectable status in San Francisco. The influence of both operated directly against the midnight orgies and debaucheries that had run rampant for the want of something better to occupy attention.

If the theatres operated badly on society and the world generally, there would be a direct increase of evil, so apparent as to prevent a cultured or successful patronage, consequently a growth of the drama.

The world is not retrograding or growing worse in its morals, intelligence or ambition, and our public amusements are certainly one of the features of modern life that exert an influence upon society—if it were a bad influence, "the work of the devil" and an "emanation from hell," it certainly would have to yield to better intelligence and Christian example—that it prospers and thrives proves that it is not in disrepute with the masses, the majority, or the Christian community.

## FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

M. Daudet is dramatising his novel "Jack" for the Odeon.

Sara Bernhardt was born in 1844, and in consequence is 36 years of age.

Mr. Charles Groves goes to America next season to play in Rice's burlesque of Evangeline.

Burnand's new burlesque for the London Royalty is on the subject of The Merchant of Venice.

John S. Clarke will appear at the London Haymarket next Fall, in a new comedy by Dion Boucicault.

A \$50,000 offer has, it is said, been made to Richard Wagner if he will visit America and conduct a series of concerts here.

Mrs. Langtry contemplates appearing shortly in private theatricals at the Cromwell House. She is now rehearsing with Coghlan.

Miss Bella Pateman, so well remembered as a favorite at Booth's Theatre here, is now playing at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

M. Henri de Bornier has, it is stated, concluded a new three-act play, in verse, destined for the Odeon, the title of which is to be "L'Apotro."

Messrs. d'Ennery and Jules Verne are writing a grand scientific spectacular drama entitled "Voyage à travers l'Impossible" for the Pont Saint-Martin.

Selma Dolaro has signed an engagement for a tour in America, to appear in Another Drink and a Burlesque on Carmen by Saville Clarke and Lewis Clifton.

Raymond's Colonel Sellers will not be the first performance of that role in England. It has been done under the title of Millions in It for some seasons past in the provinces.

M. Coquelin is in a peaceful state of mind at last. His trouble with the manager of the Francis has been settled amicably, and Bernhardt has been banished to the extent of some \$20,000.

A magnificent new theatre called the Eden Theatre, to which a splendid Winter garden is attached, has just been opened in Brussels. The whole construction is perhaps the handsomest of its kind in Europe. The theatre will hold about 3,000 persons.

Sara Bernhardt has been fined by the Tribunal of the Seine \$20,000 and costs for her desertion from the Theatre Francaise. She will also lose \$5,800 standing to her credit in the reserve fund of the Comedie Francaise.

MM. Victorien Sardou and Jules Claretie are writing a grand historical drama in collaboration. The piece ought to be a remarkable one, proceeding from two such pens; it is stated, moreover, that this will be only the first of a series of similar works.

Some of the leading Parisian artistes have conceived the generous idea of founding an Art Orphanage. Among the names of the patronesses are those of Sara Bernhardt, Croizette, Marie Laurent, Zulma Bouffaye, and Reichenberg.

Ristori, they say, looks very old. Late, when she appeared as Marie in Milan, she was greeted with shouts, "O Gott! you're too old." To which the great actress responded, with dignity, "You are much too polite," and the audience applauded vociferously.

Herr Richter astounded the Mapleson company's orchestra by not only conducting Lohengrin without a score of the work before him, but by correcting the errors (which are said to be numerous) in the orchestral parts formerly used by Sir Michael Costa.

## ONE LITTLE DAY.

BY LOUISE POMEROY.

The momentum of this age is so tremendous, and the points of many pens so sharp, that in taking the quill from over the right ear, where it has been carried for a long time unused, and attempting to obtain an audience worth having, one feels something like a minnow beckoning to a whale.

"And yet" (as Beckett said in the "Forty Thieves," when he swung the cat around by the tail) "the present age demands more the manner of presentation than the quality of the commodity presented," so that any fortunate contributor may look up and hope largely.

What can one say who has lived upon things dramatic, wholly, unselfishly, devotedly, enthusiastically, for years, except things dramatic? Fortunately, that is what this red-plumed fledgling craves.

How would it do to indite the life of an actress for one day, just one little twenty-four hours, into which are crammed sufficient events, fatigue and excitement, to throw a farm laborer on a bed of sickness? Not an unusual day either, but an ordinary everyday sort of day. The season on the road is finished, a long one of forty weeks, and a brief respite from care and labor is devoutly prayed for, hoped for. In the left wing of the cranium there seem to be trees growing, while in the opposite pinion a buzz saw, or a windmill, has evidently taken possession, so weary is the brain. Thus, a sweet season of rest, a solstice of peace, would be a heaven on earth, which does not frequently transpire on this mundane sphere. That condition or locality, whichever it be, is evidently remote from the haunts of men and women. "And yet," as before remarked (with the accompanying dramatic or canine effect), there is much to live for, to cry for, to sigh for and to enjoy.

Arising from an early bed of deepest repose, the above reflections flitted through a tumbled head, almost before the first splash of cold water brightened one's ideas. Must they not have been an inspiration? Answer the conundrum and say, something that drops through a rift in the clouds upon one's mental speculations. Alas! there must be a "slate off," though, or the inspiration cannot "flip."

At eight o'clock the dress-maker arrives. There is no time to lose in having the damaged wardrobe repaired and replenished. This member of the useful department of life, an actress has with her always. It is a small circumstance to stand for an hour or two before breakfast before being fitted and draped for a becoming costume. Almost any woman would be willing to faint in the effort for such a consummation. Oh, the seamstress! Queen of the tucking up, piecing out, taking in, knife pleating, putting, draping and finishing-off process! That terrible "finishing off," which consumed more time than the making, same as the trimming costs more than the rest of the dress.

Happy the existence of women, if the fashion of simple drapery prevailed! But it does not, and there exists not a woman of sufficient courage to inaugurate such an innovation. It is one thing to institute dress reforms for the sake of health and comfort, regardless of grace, taste, and beauty, to make a woman look like a fright or a "what is it," but quite another question to regard the laws of hygiene and at the same time clothe the female anatomy in graceful and tasteful habiliments. The first, nobody will follow except some eccentric being who goes through life laughed at for the figure she cuts.

The second,—well she does not exist except in the "mind's eye," as angels do. And so the dressmaker is the actress' goddess of peace.

Did you say, "It must be a troubled peace, then?"

You are right; "And yet" (and now imagine the cat making an extra radius from the vigor of the following assertion,) an actress is quite as happy as any other woman who is no happier than she is. The scramble after the bread she feeds upon, such as silks, lace, fine stockings, and diamonds, is no hushier than that of her fellow-females outside the profession. If she cannot attain to real lace, she manages to survive on imitation. Fading in the possibility of silk stockings, she consoles herself with pretty lisle thread. If her jewels will not bear the test of that truthful searcher and tell-tale, the Sun, she is happy if she can permit her complexion to stand in their stead. In fact, as the little boy said, if she cannot afford bread, she eats pie. So do other women, good women, too.

And then, the visitors of the day. Any one has to be nice and agreeable to people who have done them no harm, even if they come in droves. And so has an actress. It not infrequently occurs that she must be pleasant and smile on those who have done her harm, and that with malice of forethought. Therein is discipline necessary to moral growth, and the apple-press "bittersweet" business thrives abundantly. "And yet" with half a dozen swings of the cat, if you like, does this conduce, as it were, to the indulgence of a sweep temper, together with many other rare womanly traits, such as truth, patience, and sincerity? Does it? Then may the limet and the robin sing their sweetest songs amid snow and ice, and come north to seek their mates in very winter time.

Women outside the dramatic profession may congratulate themselves that they need not practice these little deceits, and that they only exercise their skill and tact in that direction to amuse themselves. Those dear delightful little deceits which cast a perfumed mist of exaggeration and obscurity over one's shortcomings and estate, and pluck the thorns from the roses worn on one's own breast and strewn them in the pathway of others.

Life is short, and missing an opportunity for personal gain, even at the expense of others, is a chance lost forever! And the female breast is robbed of the solace in the last dread hour of feeling as did the monk in Sterne's Sentimental Journey, who, when he was dying, did not wish to see the priest, because he did not remember ever to have lost an opportunity of pleasing himself: "Think of the immorality of a dying woman being obliged to confess that she had never failed

to please herself! And moreover in an age when it is considered wrong to tell unnecessary lies! The devotee of the modern school may congratulate himself that such cases of depravity are almost like hen's teeth, and that the exceptions were because they could not!"

The present generation have evolved beyond Sterne, however, for they have the presence of mind to see the priest, and please themselves too. Making assertions that cannot be sustained in proof is an innocent amusement, and so for having said, "there is much to live for," no apology is necessary. The sense of living is delicious, with little to prove that it is so. Everybody knows that. To look up at the sky, and dream dreams under an old tree, with nothing to disturb the stillness except the brooks and the birds is not much, but for one who needs rest from turmoil, it is bliss. The secret of finding life worth living is to know exactly what you want, then you go for it and get it. Do many people do that? If the finite mind can compass such infinite wisdom, then there is much to live for. And yet (leaving cats out of the question) our sorrows are really our jewels. Pity that it is so. But 'tis. Pleasures are plentiful, but they do not stay, like woes. Their merry music cannot drown the knell of the doleful bell that tolls a requiem over buried hopes, and dead loves.

With a lingering tear that comes unbidden and refuses to be dried, and a smile on the lip that emanates from a resolution to endure and be thankful, the day glides on, and the world is clad in sable. Like other women, the actress from her window watches the lights that illumine the skies of night; lights that sparkle, twinkle, and glimmer, and here and there go out,—then turns with a heavy heart—tosses her head, and exclaims "How stupid! Away dull care! The best art in the world is a good merry laugh."

## The Dutch Plays.

Holland is a country about which the average Englishman knows very little, says London Figaro, and that little of the most fragmentary description. He connects it with dykes and cheeses, schnapps and cork-legs, smugglers and skating. Mr. Motley has thrown an electric light upon its history down to the assassination of William the Silent, but there our knowledge of it ends. After that we see only dim figures of admirals with brooms at their mast-heads sweeping the channel, navigators, scarcely less ghostly than the Flying Dutchman himself, sailing up the Hudson, and burgomasters, swathed in tenfold breeches, struggling with the Swedes and English at New Amsterdam and Staten Island. We hear faintly from the depths of history and legend Dutch cannon booming at Gravesend, and Dutch skittle-balls, of the ghostly sort, thundering among the Kaatskill Mountains. Later on, we have some indistinct ideas of battles on the ice fought by the French revolutionary armies, under Pichegru or Dumourier, or some other of the thousand-and-one generals of the period. Was not a frozen-in fleet attacked and taken by a cavalry regiment—"horse marines" with a vengeance? Later on still, we have vaguely gathered that the scientific renown of Holland, once grounded on medicine, has now turned in the direction of theology. Some famous heretic, or heretics, appeared dimly to the lay intellect shaking the theological world from Leyden or Utrecht. So much, or rather so little, knowledge, most of us have long associated with the name of Holland. It was not, however, until the last few weeks that we learned that Holland had histrionic claims to put forward. One somehow imagines the Dutch character unsuited for scenic arts and graces, and it was pretty well known that the Dutch had no Shakespeare or Moliere, not even a Goldoni or a Holberg, in their literature. The last few evenings, however, have proved that Holland has a national drama, if not of the highest order, and exponents for that drama who may claim a rank in the very highest order.

The performance of Rosier Faassen's *Annette* at the Imperial Theatre on Monday night was indeed most noteworthy and enjoyable. I have never seen a peasant-drama so good in itself and so thoroughly well-played. The play is interesting, powerful, well constructed, and picturesque. For the dialogue I cannot answer, as my acquaintance with Dutch is confined to reading it, and this drama is not printed. As I have never been in Holland, my ear is unaccustomed to the sound of the language as spoken, and I can consequently only pick up occasional scraps of the dialogue, and that, as a rule, in the emotional passages. In this respect I find a little knowledge is a dangerous, or at least an unpleasant, thing, for I am perpetually on the strain, and can neither thoroughly follow the piece, nor resign myself philosophically to understand none of it. My impression is, however, that the dialogue is strong and nervous, without too much highfalutin—comparing favorably in this respect with most similar dramas in England.

Of the acting, however, one can judge without the smallest hesitancy that it is very good all round, and in several cases notably excellent. Catherine Beersma, who plays the heroine, is an actress of polished style and of subdued, yet intense, emotional power. Her part was one of genuine pathos, and produced a deep effect upon the audience. My only objection to her performance is her submission to the execrable custom of interrupting the business of the stage and appearing to bow acknowledgments for applause. Aqueenly noteworthy impersonation was the Dirksen of the author, Rosier Faassen. His grim sternness in the first act was well and originally portrayed, but even better was his elaborate and powerful study of senility in the subsequent acts. His recognition of Rijnhoff was really masterly. Mr. Van Zuylen as Koenraad Deel proved himself a finished and genial comedian, and Mr. Haspels as the villain in Van Schuij played his ungrateful part with taste and power. The unkeeper Kwak was played by Mr. Van Nieuwland with unexaggerated humor, and Mr. Chrispijn as Rijnhoff was satisfactory in the first act, and really excellent in the remaining three. Lise was played with unaffected grace and pathos by Mrs. Egner Van Dam, and Mrs. Faassen was excellent as Neeltje. Perhaps the most notable part of the performance, however, was the excellent stage management and the completeness of effect with which the pictures of peasant life were given. It is evident that the company is a thoroughly trained one, in which ensemble is rated at its proper value. The peasant song-and-dance of the second act was most characteristic and amusing, and secured a double encore from the audience.

## CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT TRAGEDienne FROM THE PEN OF A PROMINENT STATESMAN.

No one could have inferred from the antecedents of the late Charlotte Cushman that she would ever have graced the stage by her talents and character. She came of a serious Puritan ancestry, to whom plays and players were an abomination, and was a lineal descendant of the Rev. Thomas Smith, the first pastor of the first church in Portland. He died in 1783, at the ripe age of 94. Miss Cushman's father died in Boston in 1841. The eldest of five children, she went on the stage to aid her mother and her family, left without adequate means for their support. The early part of her life was a constant struggle for recognition in the profession she had adopted, but her indomitable perseverance ultimately triumphed over every obstacle, and she lives in the memory of the present generation as the best actress our country has produced in her line of characters. Her example is an inspiring one to those who now tread the stage, and who sometimes in moments of despondency complain that neither the managers nor the public accord them the position to which they are entitled. Let them contrast the earlier and the later career of Charlotte Cushman, at one time receiving \$10,000 for an engagement of eight weeks in New York, and, at another, the poor remuneration named in the following receipt, now lying before me:

Received Sep. 2, 1844, of W. E. BURTON, sixty dollars in full for six nights performance at the Arch Street Theatre to 7th inst. inclusive. CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

It was not merely as an actress, but as a dramatic reader of rare excellence, that Miss Cushman at the termination of her theatrical career attracted so large a share of public attention and favor. Her selections were distinguished for taste and judgment. Her voice was one of great compass and flexibility, and her admirable control of it enabled her to discriminate that which was subordinate from that which was chief; to follow with ease the most rapid transitions, and to evolve the most subtle shades of meaning in her author. These were qualities which made her readings popular with the general public, but even those who, like Iago, are nothing if not critical, were charmed by the careful study and analysis of the text they exhibited.

Between her last vacation and her first there is a natural bond. Garrick, Henderson, Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Vandenhoff, Forrest and other actors are illustrations of this relation. In the case of many others, these readings have usually followed the close of their connection with the stage, when the curtain has fallen upon their last performance. The taste for these instructive and delightful entertainments was first revived in this country by Mrs. Francis Kemble Butler, and among her earliest were those she gave in the Masonic Temple at Boston, Mass. It was at the close of one of these that Longfellow addressed to her the following sonnet:

O! precious evenings! all too swiftly sped! Leaving us heirs to such rich heritages, Of all the best thoughts of the purest sages, And giving tongues unto the silent dead! How our hearts glowed and trembled, while she read!

Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages Of the great poet who foreruns the ages, Anticipating all that shall be said, O, happy reader! having for thy text, The magic book whose Sibylline Caves have caught.

The rarest essence of all human thought! O! happy poet! by no critic veiled! How must thy listening spirit now rejoice, To be interpreted by such a voice!

There is nothing to prevent these innocent and intellectual entertainments from becoming popular, and, indeed, from being placed among the habitual relaxations of the public, but the cultivated talent by which alone they are rendered either gratifying or useful. Aside from their obvious influence in promoting the study of an art—too much neglected and inadequately taught in our schools and colleges, they make the public acquainted with the works and merits of the great masters of poetry, and open new sources of pleasure to those whose scruples have hitherto prevented them from resorting to the theatre for enjoyment. Henderson, who has been not improperly the successor of Garrick, contributed, in no slight degree, to diffuse a knowledge of the writings of Swift, Sterne, Prior and Cowper by the tasteful selections from them which he read to the public, furnishing, according to the opinions of one of his contemporaries, some of the attic entertainments that were ever given. The manner in which Garrick read the Book of Common Prayer was a marvel to the generation in which he lived. In 1779 a pamphlet, in which an attempt was made to describe it, was published for the "use of clergymen of the Established Church."

Clark & Marble's Tile Club begin their season Sept. 20. Their new satire, *Idle Hours*, will contain a novel scenic effect from the brush of Henry E. Hoyt, the popular scenic artist. The company in its entirety will be as follows: Board of Directors: A. H. Clark, Charles A. Miller, George C. Smith and Prof. J. B. Vogel. Club Members: Marie Conron, Lizzie Harold, Sara Lascelles, Edward Marble, William Paul Brown, Frank Budworth, William Carroll (of Harris & Carroll), and Angelo Torrioni, Jr.

—Frank Hawley, agent for the past season with a Galley Slave company and one of Carte's Pirates of Penzance companies, has just come forth alive and well from the New York Hospital, where he underwent a severe operation. Mr. Hawley has been troubled for a number of years with a tumor, and his friends, who scarcely believed that he would survive the ordeal through which he passed, are showering their congratulations upon him.

Add Ryman is introducing some extremely funny situations and effects in *A Flock of Geese*. Mr. Hickey has already booked his company in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago and other prominent cities, and it will undoubtedly be one of the big features of next season's amusements.



## DRIFTWOOD.

The Lotos Club was still in Irving place. There had been only talk of moving. Such talk generally occupied the dinner hour, and I remember one night, as John Brougham and four of us were going out into the smoking room, we overheard some junior members discussing the immense advantages of a move. Brougham shook his head, and, scratching a match, said: "Ah, boys, cling to the old; it's quite good enough. What it lacks in style it makes up in pleasant memories." Then he sat down and, smiling, asked us whether he had ever told us of his last day in Dublin. "The day I was arrested," he added. We all said that we had not, and the old man continued: "Speaking in defence of the old quarters here reminded me of it. In 1865 I paid my last visit to the other side, and I made the most of old Dublin. I fairly lived in the park, and looked from its shade into the windows of my boyhood home. I had been about a week idling in this way, absorbed in memory, little thinking that my presence was even noticed, let alone that I was suspected of being a dangerous character, when a 'bobbie' directed me to move off. I did move off, sort of sideways, with surprise and tears blending in the one eye on the 'bobbie' and in the other on the old house. All would have been well had I continued to move away, but the 'bobbie' turning a corner, I shot back, and indulged again in reverie. Soon I was reawakened and dragged across the street, where an old gentleman from my very doorway, in a loud and indignant tone, began berating me. I think he would have struck me in his rage, but my laughter caused him to ask, 'What are you doing around here, anyway? You've been watching my front and arcaway for a week for no good purpose, I'll be bound. What do you want about here?' When I could control my laughter," Brougham continued, "I told the old man how I had first seen the outside world from the window above, held in my mother's arms, and peering over geranium blooms that had her daily care; that from that doorway I had regularly gone with her to church; that where I then knelt, her coffin had for a moment rested; that no ray of cheer ever entered the house broken up, and that the household was soon broken up. The old man lifted me up, looked—for he could not speak—a thousand apologies, hurried me into the doorway, and summoned a half-dozen servants, with directions to bring old port and other restoratives, by the aid of which we came to an understanding of each other. Then we'd apologize, shake hands, make ready to part, renege ourselves in each other's chair, have another cork drawn, followed by another, and that by several more, until my own mother would not—yes, she would, God bless her soul!—have recognized me. And I got even with the 'bobbie' too; had him place me, ever so tenderly, in a cab, and in a very snappish and peremptory tone I gave him my hotel directions." Three are dead who laughed with us over the above narrative.

Lately an exciting scene was acted in the wooden building known as the Varieties, Bolton. In consequence of the depression in trade the prices of admission have been reduced to the nominal charge of from fourpence to one penny, and for the last few weeks a dramatic company has been producing sensational pieces, the one selected for this occasion being Robert Macaire. The penny seats having become crowded, the occupants struggled to get into those reserved for the payers of twopenny. The men in charge of the theatre, of course, attempted to resist this intrusion. A youth, named Foley, who was engaged on the staff, was called to assist in quelling the disturbance. Unfortunately he had in his possession a pistol loaded with powder and paper, which at the proper time he had to discharge in order to give suitable dramatic effect to the scene of Robert Macaire. Several of the roughs in the audience struck Foley, who, losing his temper, drew forth the stage-pistol, and threatened to shoot if they did not desist. This highly exasperated the audience, and a scene little short of a panic ensued, when a man named Atkinson struck the arm of Foley and the pistol was discharged in the air without harming any one. Luckily at this moment the police arrived and the disturbance was promptly quelled. The building is now closed.

Paris correspondence of the London Times: I have often thought that a brief description of the dressing-rooms of well-known actresses would make an amusing article wherewith to please the general public, who now and then like to have glimpses "behind the scenes." In the olden time there was not much to note in dressing-rooms. They were plainly—not to say poorly—furnished, unless the artist added a few knock-knocks to spruce the place up, the management provided nothing but the bare necessities. Rose Cheri, of the Paris Gymnase, was the first actress who really taught her companions to upholster a loge, as they term it in Paris. Her husband adored her; he was rich, and, as she spent six hours of the twenty-four in and about her dressing-room, he bought her furniture that would have gratified the Princess Babroubadour. The carpet was of rich Aubusson; the time-piece was gothic; there was a Psyche of Pradier on a bracket; the lounge was in velvet of Utrecht; there were satin hangings of sheeny texture in poetic cloudy blue. In short, nothing was wanting to make the retreat of this gifted little actress a boudoir of beauty. Madame Descelee, who came next, stripped this nest of its opulent adornments. The granddoles and the splendors they reflected were cast away, and dull draperies of sad-colored cloth replaced them. The loge of the famous Madame Grisi was always supplied with a store of raw eggs, which the diva sucked before entering on the scene to sing her great embroidered numbers. That of Madame Persiani never lacked the flavor of old cognac, with which the cantatrice used to strengthen her voice, or her "organ," as the critics at present elect to term it. Tagliioni, the sylphide, was more temperate. Her little weakness was "limonade gazeuse," a harmless aerial beverage, with stouter brag than body. Madame Guyonard was more sober still. She, in her loge, was satisfied with a gilt looking-glass and four horse-hair chairs. Marie Battu re-

ceived her friends in a room white, clean, and cheerful as a Chester County farm-house parlor, or a Dutch kitchen. You will remember, it is only the field officers of the mimic army who are complimented with loges; the subalterns must submit to the accommodations of the green-room. Sarah Bernhardt's room at the Francaise was expensively decorated and upholstered; and in the latter days of her career at the Varieties, Madame Schneider—inhabited a room that might have been allotted to a real bona fide grand duchess. To-day, the most luxurious dressing-rooms of Paris are enjoyed by Theo and Judie, the opera bouffists; and Leonide LeBlanc, the actress, has spent ten thousand dollars on her loge.

The most singular manner of being struck with a fortune in prospecting that we ever heard of occurred above Spring Gulch on Sunday last. Mr. Snow, late of San Francisco, was out on a snow hunt with Dr. Drake of San Francisco. They were returning home, it being stormy, when Snow was suddenly missed by his companion. Snow's horse had slipped off the bluff, and down he went at an angle of forty-five degrees, horse, rider and rifle (which he grasped firmly in his hand) rolling over and over in the snow, until he brought up against a mass of stone standing up out of the snow, its top covered with moss. He was not hurt, as the cold, soft cushion had saved his bones from the hard ground beneath. Scrambling up against the rock, he noticed that it was a quartz lode, and that where the horse had accidentally kicked off the moss something glittered. His eyes "bugged" out, but he did not stop to brush them off, his hands were too busy clawing off the moss. Darkness coming on he had only time to break off a few specimens, which are filled with pure ore. One small piece exhibited in town was estimated to be three-quarters gold. Tons of it are apparently still awaiting its owner. Snow says the vein is about thirty feet thick, and in his impulsive generosity he gave away several shares of his vein soon after. He told us that he "would not look at \$25,000 for his interest." It is without doubt the richest mass of quartz ever discovered in this country except the Divoll bonanza, recently opened here in Sonora. Of course he told us to keep it out of the paper; but the caution we find to be getting monotonous. Mr. Snow is very well known in San Francisco as an actor of merit and a gentleman well deserving the good fortune he has "tumbled to." Some men are born rich, others have riches thrust upon them, but Mr. Snow has drifted through air and snow, right slap up against a pile of riches that would make old Rothschild's keen eyes turn green with envy.

M. Parodi, the author of Rome Vaincue (the original of Vesta) has an interview with Victor Hugo in the Rome Minerva, from which the following extract is taken:

I thanked him as well as I could, for his kind reception, and my agitation being now calmed a little, I began:

"Master, I am more than glad to be with you, undisputed king of contemporary poetry, so that I may put some questions to you on the art which lies nearest to my heart."

"Do so."

"What will the theatre be in the future?"

"The servant of progress."

"The action of a drama must be the life of an idea—is it not so, master?"

"That is not enough: it must be an idea of the future."

"And the form?"

"I have set the example—follow me!"

I looked at him in amazement. What!

Victor Hugo counsels me to follow him, he who has written so much and so nobly against imitation, and of the right, may even the duty, which the artist has to impress his own image upon his works. I could not keep from smiling; still, I did not protest. Non erat ibi locus. I bowed, saying:

"Follow you, master? That is not an easy thing."

"You did it in Rome Vaincue. You followed me!"

I thought how his innumerable disciples, my adversaries, the myrmidons of the romantic Achilleus, had abused my poor tragedy, calling it old rubbish and trampling it under foot as if it had been a worn crawling out of the decaying corpse of classicism, and so desiring to harmonize my liberty and literary faith with the profound respect which I felt for the great writer, I tried to turn the conversation in a different direction.

M. Capoul, writing from New York to a friend in Paris, describes America as "a pays absolument pinaforeise au point de vue musical!" "Pinafore," he says, "is an English operetta which made its appearance in America nearly ten years ago (sic), just like the phylloxera in France! Pinafore everywhere. Pinafore always! Companies of children sing Pinafore. That is the Pinafore Bijou. Negroes play and dance Pinafore. That is the Minstrel's Pinafore. Lastly has come the Sublime Pinafore, with interpreters celebrated in America, who last season were still singing the classical works of the repertoire." What may this Sublime Pinafore be, I wonder.

Actors and professional readers are continually depreciated by certain persons who are accustomed to affirm their ability to comprehend the lines of Shakespeare much better in their own closets than when uttered in the theatre. To any one acquainted with what the actor's art has done and does toward making clear and impressive the language, the characters, and the incidents of Shakespeare's plays, assertions of this kind seem the height of arrogance. It is, perhaps, quite impossible to put the physical ideal of Hamlet or Lear or Rosalind on the stage, but these and other Shakespearean characters embody in their stage representations nearly three centuries of traditions—they are the cumulative products of many actors of genius; and hence they express not simply the conception of one but of many minds. An actor brings to the study of a Shakespearean character not only the knowledge of what other accomplished performers before him have done, but he strenuously endeavors, on his own part, to find if possible

a more effective mode of portraying it than has hitherto been known. He adopts what is best in the past, and is happy if he can succeed in any fresh or better elucidation. It is his art to express his passions in the most effective manner possible. It is his business to convey the full meaning of every line he utters. It is his purpose to make every gesture give every shade of feeling and every turn of thought. The amateur can no more, unaided, express or realize all the possibilities of a speech, than one unacquainted with music can sing a song or play on an instrument. Actors often spend weeks and even months in studying a single speech, and even then they find it impossible to utter it with all the effect they desire, until after long practice. They crowd sometimes into a single line or word a force and meaning that only art combined with genius can attain. We may be certain that the persons who boast of their capacity to read Shakespeare better than the actors do are either wholly ignorant of what our actors do, or are utterly insensible to what really constitutes the art of the stage.

It was at the second performance of Measure for Measure, at Drury Lane in 1824, that the histrionic merits of Mr. Benjamin Webster first attracted the attention of the play-going public. The actor was possessed of some six years' professional experience, but he had meantime thrice left the stage in despair of arriving at eminence, and employed himself as a bookseller. But a serious attack of ophthalmia prevented Harley from appearing as the Clown, and there was great difficulty in finding a substitute. Suddenly the stage manager, Mr. Bunn, thought him of a young man who had played many parts for him upon very brief notice during his direction of the Birmingham Theatre. Benjamin Webster was accordingly sent for. But the summons did not reach him until 5:30 on the evening of performance. As he himself has related: "When I was told of the circumstance I was horror-struck. I ran to the theatre. No officer was there. What was I to do? 'Set to work,' was the reply; 'you have done as much before.' But not with Shakespeare and in London. I obtained a very cold reception, but the audience warmed to me at the end of my first scene. At the termination of the great tale Pompey has to tell, three distinct rounds of applause greeted the poor unknown player, and the courage I had screwed up at this point sank into my shoes, and I could scarcely carry them off. The success was complete; all the great actors came round me. I was led in a sort of triumph to the first green-room, which my salary did not entitle me to enter; and the press pronounced my performance the great hit of the evening." Some two or three seasons passed, however, before the actor was secure of permanent engagements at Drury Lane, and, in September, 1826, at the Haymarket Theatre.

Edmund Yates on Boucicault: Perhaps he is seen most completely in his element on the stage—not alone as an actor, but as author, manager, stage-manager and prompter as well. He is at rehearsal absolute monarch of all he surveys. His company cannot pool-pool his views, for he is an actor; they cannot make many suggestions to an author who can act every part in the piece they are rehearsing; they cannot rebel against the all-powerful manager. It is not merely force majeure that they would be obliged to contend against, but superior knowledge of the matter in hand. The carpenters and property-men are equally likely to be told any detail of their business. They are told whether a bookcase is to be "profile" or "made-up," what is to be on the top of it, and so forth; and if there is to be a railway-station scene, must be prepared to see all their stage make-believes put on one side, and real properties insisted upon. At a first rehearsal all this detail is gone into in the most exhaustive manner. There is a particular spot on which the table and the chairs must stand; and as the first lady enters she is told exactly what she is to do, where to walk, sit, and "display." The meaning of every line and every situation is fully explained. "Not there," the author will say, "don't you understand she is in there?" Then comes a stamp of the foot, and "Do listen! Don't blunder by knocking your head against words without thinking." A few minutes later an actor, who ought to know better, speaks his words first and makes the appropriate gesture afterward. Mr. Boucicault is down upon him directly. "Please to recollect this: on the stage your pantomime must always precede your words; for the simple reason that the eye is quicker than the ear."

Mr. Legouve relates that Malibran, the great diva, met Thalberg, the great pianist, in Italy, one day, and begged him to play some piece for her. He manifested his willingness to do so, but requested her to sing first. Malibran felt ill disposed, but she was obliging, and sang. But she sang poorly. "I told you so, Mr. Thalberg, I cannot sing to-day!" Thalberg said not a word, but letting his fingers glide over the keys, he struck forth most melodious melodies from the instrument before him. Malibran, whose head had sunk low in her moody humor, raised it gradually as the music struck her ear, and when Thalberg had ended she exclaimed—"Oh! let me sing now! now I can sing!" And she did, and with such richness and power that all were astonished. Fine music had the same effect upon her that the "spirit-stirring" life and drum have upon the soldier. She was "inspired by the sound."

While descending the staircase of the American Exchange on the morning that he visited Mme. Nilsson, the writer had been attracted by the singing and pranks of a small boy in a livery of green and yellow, who, after running the scale with more or less proficiency, assumed much the expression of M. Capoul as Faust, and exclaimed, "O Margherita!" in woe begone accents. As this extraordinary youth supplemented this performance by first threatening to stand on his head, and then carolling the information, "I'm from Broad-way, New York!" the writer questioned him, and was rewarded with the information that he was "Mme. Christine Nilsson's page"—a fact which, on being duly repeated to the prima donna, caused her to laugh immoderately and exclaimed: "Oh! that boy! That Sam! what is he up to now?" It appears that "Sam" was

originally discovered by Mr. Mapleson selling librettos in Union square. Amused at the persistency and sharpness of the lad, who repeatedly endeavored to make the manager purchase books sold under an opposition libretto contract to that in force at the Academy, Mr. Mapleson took "Sam" into his service, whence he was promoted to be the prima donna's page. He has confided to his mistress that he intends to be an actor.

There is a third convention now being held, which, to its delegates, if not to the general public, is of equal interest to that which animated these who assembled to settle the affairs of our political world at Chicago and Cincinnati. This third convocation, however, is not political. Its delegates, from all parts of the country, rarely trouble themselves as to who shall be their next President, or what complexion the coming Congress shall be. With them it is who shall be our next manager, and will he run a combination or a stock company in a regular theatre. For, be it known, these "delegates-at-large" are actors, and their convention now crowding the sidewalks around Union Square, from Broadway to Fourth avenue, up as far as Andy Dam's hotel, will remain in session until far into August. These delegates have their excitements, their hopes, doubts, fears and moments of wrath, disgust and disappointments, and they adjourn for beer and luncheon, as do their fiery untamed fellow-citizens of the political ilk. They don't talk Democracy or Republicanism—they talk "shop," which means lines of business, salary, routes, new plays, and the next season. From ten in the morning until nine or ten in the evening they are gathered there in little groups. You see them, tragedians, comedians, first old men walking gentlemen (some of them have walked to their sorrow), utilities, comic opera tenors, basses and chorists in clusters, or wandering in and out of the hotels, the saloons, the dramatic agencies, all intent upon the one supreme purpose—to be engaged.

An English critic writing for the Spectator thus comments on Mlle. Bernhardt's costumes in Frou Frou: "We do not know how such an alteration would affect a Parisian audience, but it might be worth Mlle. Bernhardt's while to consider that she is now acting to English play-goers, and to modify a little her oppressive costumes. Frou-Frou, her charms, her griefs, and her punishment are almost obliterated by Gilberte's gowns, and the most patient and interested audience that ever sat at a play (at least in London) must grow weary of the endless length of the entr'actes. The thread of the story is lost, the effects are weakened, while people sit fidgeting and yawning in order that Mlle. Bernhardt's dressers may have time to smother her in cascades of silk (which does not frou-frou), clouds of lace, and bales of beads. These outrageously extravagant dresses are totally incongruous with her position, in the first act, as an unmarried girl, and all through with the shabby mounting of the piece. Frou-Frou in cut velvet and gorgeous lace complacently beholds her husband, her sister, and her child sitting down at a side-table, to a banquet served on a tea-tray, and whose component parts are one covered dish and a black bottle. 'Avant de partir, il faut que je vous installe,' she says, trailing her train about the table, and surveying the tin cover and the black bottle. 'Vous etes charmants ainsi.' Then she kisses her finger tips, and goes off to her performance of Indiana. This scene comes dangerously near the ludicrous, thanks to the tea-tray; and the same sumptuous provision for a 'square meal' makes its appearance in the Venetian palace of the fourth act!"

Fifty years ago in England it was the custom of strolling companies—and on strolling companies the provinces were mainly dependent for intermittent doses of the drama—to commence with a "free night," or, in their phraseology, a "house warming," when the public were admitted without payment. This affair would really seem to have been a sort of dress rehearsal, intended to get things into ship-shape order again after the debacle consequent upon the last journey. Here, then, is how Hamlet was placed before the good people of Newark some half century back. The "leading man" played, of course, the principal part; and in the court scene "he appeared ungartered, with black stockings down to ankle, but to save propriety, a white one underneath." But the low comedian who acted the gravedigger's part in the churchyard scene was even more quaint in his attire. Tradition had passed it down that this character ought to be acted in twenty-three waistcoats—no more, no less. So the said low comedian, being well versed in such matters, came on this "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," but before he began digging Ophelia's grave he divested himself of his waistcoats, one by one; and as each had a different and very grotesque pattern, the gods were kept in a roar of laughter throughout the process.

Coney Island is the musician's paradise in summer. When symphony concerts have ceased they find engagements at this seaside resort, and thus enjoy themselves and enrich their pockets at the same time. They remember with unpleasant feelings the time when their services were not needed at this place, and their occupation gone. Things have changed in this respect for their benefit.

The terms of the Bernhardt contract are set forth by the Paris Figaro as follows: She is engaged for 100 representations, but in case of success the number may be indefinitely increased. For each performance she will receive 2500 francs (\$500), and she is to have, in addition, a third of the gross receipts up to 15,000 francs, and half of the surplus above that sum. Her travelling expenses and those of three attendants are to be paid. She is to play six times a week, and may or may not play in the weekly matinee, as she pleases. In each town visited she is to have a benefit. Her repertoire is to consist of Adrienne Lecouvreur, Frou-Frou, the Dame aux Camelias, Diane de Lys, the Sphinx, L'Etranger, L'Aventuriere, Jean-Marie, Hamlet, La Closserie des Genets, etc. A full translation of each of these pieces is to be issued, and each of the translations will

be published in an illustrated cover designed by Mlle. Bernhardt, who will share the profits of their sale. Before embarking, Mlle. Bernhardt is to receive 100,000 francs in advance, and 300,000 francs are already deposited in a London bank as a guarantee.

Elia tells a story of Elliston, an actor whom our great-grandfathers loved to see. He says: When in melancholy after-years again near St. Dunstan's Church I met him, that sceptre had been wrested from his hand, and his dominion was curtailed to the petty managership and part proprietorship of the small Olympic, his Elba. He still played nightly upon the boards of Drury, but in parts, alas! allotted to him, not magnificently distributed by him. Waiving his great loss as nothing, and magnificently sinking the sense of fallen material grandeur in the more liberal resentment of depreciations done to his more lofty intellectual pretensions. "Have you heard" (his customary exordium)—"have you heard," said he, "how they treat me? They put me in comedy!" Thought I—but his finger on his lips forbade any verbal interruption—"Where could they have put you better?" Then, after a pause, "Where I formerly played Romeo, I now play Mercutio." And so again he stalked away, neither staying nor caring for responses.

There is in the town of Naugatuck an old piano whose origin is a strange history. In the year 1835 a stranger came into the town, and without making known his business to anyone, hired a small workroom, and having placed therein some tool chests went to work steadily and earnestly in secret. After a time he became intemperate, and although he alternated seasons of work with those of dissipation, he was at last found dead one cold December morning in the hay-loft of a barn in town. His workshop was forced open after his death, and in it was found a piano, all complete, which was called the "Naugatuck Piano." Through various negotiations, it became the property of John L. Isbell, about 1845, who presented it to his little daughter, now Mrs. J. B. Yale of Naugatuck. The instrument is built of English mahogany and rosewood, the interior is of simple construction, it has six octaves compass, and is of quite modern appearance. Musicians and tuners who are familiar with it say that it stands in tune unusually well, and is a reliable instrument.

## A New German Theatre.

A corporation has been formed under the style of the Germania Theatre Association for the purpose of erecting a German theatre in this city. The names of Philip Klein, Heinrich Zeimer, Wilhelm H. Stoford, Edward K. Raubitschek, and Max Raubitschek are among the incorporators. A pamphlet giving a plan of the undertaking, and embellished with a wood-cut of the proposed building, has already been issued and circulated among the German people in this city and its environs. The stock of the company is fixed at \$300,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$100 each—10 per centum of the subscription to be paid at the date of the issue, and the remainder to be subject to assessment, as the progress of the work may require. It is stated by the promoters of the enterprise that 1,300 out of the 3,000 shares have already been taken, the incorporators being among the largest subscribers, supported by such wealthy citizens as Robert Stuyvesant, Samuel Zeimer, E. H. Kosmak, and Commissioner Jacob Hess.

The plans for the new structure have already been perfected by Schwartzmann, who will be remembered in connection with the Art Gallery at the Centennial Exposition, and the corporation has arranged with Mr. Zeimer, the owner of the property, who takes stock in the concern as payment, to take possession of an extensive plot of ground on the northeast corner of Third avenue and Fourteenth street. As planned, the edifice (in ornate Renaissance style) will have a frontage of 234 feet on Fourteenth street, and of 103 feet on Third avenue, the central part being appropriated as a theatre, the section fronting on Third avenue as a concert hall, and the L-shaped section on Fourteenth street as a vast Summer garden of popular resort. The elevation provides for four stories, of which the two lower will consist of a solid masonry in light-colored sandstone, while the two upper ones, built of Philadelphia brick, will exhaust the gamut of Renaissance ornamentation, with columns and pilasters of sandstone, decorated between with bas-reliefs, convolutes carved capitals, statuary, griffins, etc.; huge metal candelabra extending their arms beyond the front and lighting the way to the main entrance. It is proposed to build the garden on Fourteenth street in the form of a crystal palace, with plate glass set in iron framework. The height of the building will be about 80 feet, exclusive of the vast dome that roofs the auditorium of the theatre. The stage, 75 feet by 48, will adjoin the garden, being so constructed that it can be easily reversed so as to face the latter and be used for light comedies or music when not employed for the graver purposes of the legitimate drama. Indeed, the whole is to be so arranged that the concert hall, theatre and garden can be converted into a single vast interior at will, and thus used for such public balls and spectacles as the Liederkranz and the Arion. It is understood that Mr. Adolf Neundorff will be the manager of the enterprise.

It has been necessary, in providing for the execution of plans of such magnitude, to lease a strip of the Stuyvesant estate, adjoining the Zeimer property, the lease being for twenty-one years, with the privilege of two renewals on the original terms, the owners reserving the right to refuse the fourth renewal on condition of buying the whole property. It is estimated that the building will cost \$300,000, and as soon as that amount is subscribed operations will be commenced.

In Paris at least the poor player is allowed to prolong his existence beyond the ordinary term. The troupe of the Palais Royal, for example, is for the most part composed of actors whose names first figured on the play-bills when Charles X. was King. Constitutional monarchies, republics, empires, communes have all swept over them; and Geoffroy, Sheritier, Hyacinthe and Pellerin, who have been at the low-comedy business for more than half a century, are still as capable of keeping pit and boxes in a roar as when they first stepped on the stage.

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CANCELLED



## BOOTH OFF FOR EUROPE.

HIS DEPARTURE YESTERDAY—LAST WORDS—AN INTERVIEW FOR THE MIRROR—A CONCOURSE OF FRIENDS BID HIM FAREWELL.

When the representative of THE MIRROR walked down the full extent of the Cunard company's long dock, yesterday forenoon about half-past ten, he noticed a bustle even greater than that which usually attends the departure of the weekly steamer. People were streaming over the gangplank to the broad decks of the Gallia, and the scene was made bright and attractive to the eye, by the kaleidoscope changes in the constantly moving throng. The people seemed all to forget the usual tear-dropping and last words of an American farewell, in the all-absorbing knowledge that was passed from mouth to mouth until it had been completely wafted from stem to stern:

"Edwin Booth is on board!"

Curious faces scanned other faces hastily in a vain endeavor to see the great tragedian, who was to share his lot with theirs during the nine or ten days consumed in the transatlantic voyage. Their anxious research went unrewarded, however, for the object of their curiosity was not visible.

## WHERE HE WAS.

Following a restless impetus in the direction of the crowd, I fell into line and pushed and elbowed, as did the rest, a passage to the ladies saloon on the main deck.

Here the crowd seemed to have stopped, and all who could, were applying their eyes and ears to the open port holes that looked into the cabin in question.

There sat the object of my search, Mr. Edwin Booth. I succeeded in pressing through the ranks of my neighbors in the procession, and found myself within the saloon. Here I had an opportunity to scrutinize Mr. Booth, while he was talking with Ole Bull and William Floyd.

The actor was dressed in a light gray suit, which set easily upon his graceful figure; a white scarf with a large square pin, a standing collar, and a light hat, which he carried in his hand, completed his costume.

## CAMPAIGN'S DE VOYAGE.

Beside Mr. Booth sat his wife, who appeared much affected with the leave-taking that was heard on all sides. She appeared very delicate and was suffering with ill health, which caused her to look despondently upon the prospects of the voyage. Mr. Booth's daughter was with her mother. Near by were seated Miss Emma Thursby and benevolent-looking Ole Bull, the wizard of the violin, in company with his charming young wife.

## VISITORS.

Besides Miss Marie Booth and a number of other relatives and members of the family, there were present the impresario Max Strakosch, Prof. R. Ogden Doremus, Maze Edwards, Dot Boucicault and many prominent society people and personal friends of Mr. Booth's, that poured in and showered their best wishes and heartiest sympathies with the tragedian in the duties he has before him. The affair was of the nature of

## A LEVEE OR RECEPTION.

A hum of voices filled the air, and the place was laden with the scent of some delicious floral gifts that had been sent by friends. Although the heartiest good will was expressed by everybody, there was a hidden sadness in this departure, a feeling by his friends that it might be many months before they should look upon that dark, mobile, handsome face again. At this point he recognized me, and I advanced and entered into

## A CONVERSATION WITH MR. BOOTH.

"Do you go directly to London, Mr. Booth?"

No, sir," he replied, "I shall travel through Ireland, visiting the Killarney Lakes, the Causeway and other points of interest, and Scotland as well, before arriving in London."

"When will you reach there?" I interrogated.

"Sometime in August. Then I shall remain for a short time and conclude an arrangement to play next season."

"Then, Mr. Booth, you have made no definite engagement as yet?"

"No, sir; not yet."

"When do you expect to act then—that is, about what time of the year?"

"Probably I shall not commence playing until the Spring. It depends entirely upon circumstances."

"What are your plans after leaving London, Mr. Booth?" I asked.

"I shall go to Ober-Ammergau and witness the Passion Play. After that we will journey through Italy and France, returning to London in September."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of more friends, and after wishing Mr. Booth and his family a safe and prosperous voyage, I retired.

## BON VOYAGE.

A little later, the great steamer swung out into the stream; and the concourse of people gathered on the end of the pier, waving handkerchiefs, hats, parasols or whatever came most handy. They caught a glimpse of Edwin Booth standing erect and hatless beside some rigging with one hand clasping the shrouds, and the other supporting the form of his wife who was crying gently. The breeze softly tossed his dark hair (shining tinged with silver grey), about his forehead, and he looked as handsome and as

melancholy as he does when, as Hamlet, he moralizes and philosophizes in the certainty or uncertainty of life.

In a moment his figure was lost to sight.

## A LEADING LADY.

## A SKETCH OF EMILY RIGL.

In a Vienna home, not many years ago, a little girl with eyes of Italian type, made her baby-debut into life, greeted with all the joy and gratitude, that awaits and welcomes little strangers to loving hearts and homes. This little mite was Emily Rigl.

Before she had reached her teens, her face had shaped into that intense expressiveness, that is the grace of the woman's features today.

Emily had a sister, and she, too, finally came with their mother to the United States in 1866. Emily was taken from school, on leaving Vienna for this country, but soon learned the art of dancing, and as the Rigl sisters, they were famous, in a very short time.

They held prominent positions in the spectacular plays that crazed half the world at that time.

In referring to her life as a danseuse, Miss Rigl remarked that she had no difficulty in acquiring bad "English," but she had no use for her voice, and she could dance just as well whether she spoke good or bad English.

The Rigl sisters continued dancing with great éclat and success, for seven years, then Emily commenced a new career.

The love of legitimate acting was strong with the child and the girl, although she danced as she plays to-day, in eager earnestness. When she found herself drifting toward the drama, she encountered double work in perfecting her English. "The little I could speak," she said, "I had to undo and reconstruct—for it was all wrong; I had to work hard to make myself at home in good pronunciation."

Her debut in the legitimate was made at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in 1874, in the play What Should She Do?

It was a small part, but she made an excellent beginning.

The first part in which she scored her first triumph was in Woerolt.

This gave her an opportunity, and she distinguished herself.

At that period her acting was mainly confined to ingenue parts, but she gave good illustrations of the power within her.

In 1879, in Almost a Life, she traveled very successfully; and it is within the past two years she has risen to prominence, and established a decided and praiseworthy reputation.

Only six years speaking English, yet she has attained the enviable reward of being one of the best emotional actresses on the American stage. This special feature of dramatic talent is unlike that of Clara Morris in several ways—first and most important, the wonderful intensity she throws into all her acting. A certain leading lady in the profession very recently remarked: "Emily Rigl is in dead earnest when she is playing." The remark was aptly made, and tells the whole story. She is in dead earnest; so earnest her acting really puts her health to a heavy and serious strain. But it is temporary—she rallies quickly—her vitality is elastic, and she rises above all these results wonderfully well.

The realistic abandon that features her despair, is too natural, too painfully emphatic to be called acting, it is almost inspiration.

In the Galley Slave, Miss Rigl had fine scope for her peculiar gifts, and to her playing was largely due the eminent success of the play. She and Miss Estelle Mortimer, carried off the honors of the piece. All of her gestures, and poses are after the same emphatic, intense type of her acting. A marked impulsive energy accompanies every phase of feeling, showing clearly her soul is in her work.

All actors have their little special habits in both studying and playing—some are never at ease, until they have gone over certain scenes on the stage before the curtain rises—now and then, one who never feels safe unless the written part is in a pocket, or about the person—no matter if it cannot be seen, to know of its presence is to insure self-possession.

It would not be strange if Miss Rigl having to perfect herself in English as well as strive for excellence, should have some little peculiarities of this character.

She tells how every time she plays, she must run over all her lines; no matter how perfect she may be, or how often she has played the same part, she can be seen studying hard between the acts, with all the earnestness possible, much to the amusement of her companions, who knowing her habit laugh at her timidity in the text, and often say, "there she is, studying as usual." Probably this very earnest and timid eagerness, is the elixir of her power, and the success of her performances.

To meet Miss Rigl in private life, is to see her at her most charming status; her conversation is pleasantly flavored with the same impulsive intensity, and her manners are most genial and fascinating—she cannot help her emphatic little gestures any more than she can help breathing—for these are a part of herself, and the exponents of her strong individuality; rather delicate, of medium physique, with a face of strongly-set features, and magnetic eyes, of soft cherry black, that under excitement in the stronger phases of acting are perfect batteries of power, feeling and earnestness.

In "The Child of the State" Miss Rigl had a character that placed her very high in the public heart and favor, and really the grand part of the play. In her hand it was the central magnet that made the drama so popular. One scene alone, between herself and Rosa Rand, was worth an evening sitting to witness. The two ladies crowned the play with the best acting seen at Wallack's Theatre for many a month.

"I live very quietly," she said, not long since; "I make no acquaintances at the theatre before the people I play with. I have no time for idleness, and have no acquaintance with that class of persons who profess to be acquainted with all the ladies in our profession; and my health is not quite

as good as it ought to be." As she made this allusion to her health her eyes fell sadly, and a half-smothered sigh escaped her lips, that she endeavored quickly to suppress.

A woman whose life is pure, whose duties are active, and time well spent in caring for those near and dear to her.

A woman who will have no superior in her line of work, if she progresses for the next two years as she has during the two just past.

A woman that one must thoroughly respect and love for her eminent virtues and qualifications if she is known aright.

## GRATITUDE REWARDED.

By E. M. Gotthold.

In 187- I was general agent for Harry Robinson of Silver Horn Minstrel fame, but better known by J. M. Hickey, E. Rosenbaum and Hennessy, as the man with the Silver Gull. The said Harry Robinson was taken sick in one of the Western towns which necessitated my going back to take charge of the company. Everything went splendidly until the day we were to play in Green Bay, Wis., which town was then noted for having the worst streets of any town in America, the city council having failed to make an appropriation for their repairs; so in making our usual street parade I was forced to march the band on the sidewalk instead of in the middle of the street, as is customary. While so doing, my attention was attracted by a large crowd of people in one of the streets, and like all other tourists, being of a nature which compelled me to see everything. I joined the crowd and ascertained that a horse drawing a large wagon full of apples and belonging to a Dutch farmer, had stepped with both forefeet into a large hole and was liable at any moment, to break both legs. The Dutchman was wild with excitement, and the gaping crowd at a loss what to do. I took in the situation at once, and drawing out my pocket-knife, cut both traces, which gave the horse more freedom, in fact, enabled him to step out of the hole safe and sound. A few of the by-standers congratulated me on my presence of mind, but like a modest hero, reward never entered my mind, and I immediately started to rejoin my company, which was waiting for its leader.

The owner of the team very excitedly stopped me, exclaiming: "Hold on! What in H— is your hurry?" I of course expected he wished me to drink with him; but as I never (well, hardly ever) drink, of course I excused myself and left.

That afternoon, while sitting in front of the hotel at which I stopped, I imagined everybody that passed only did so in order to get a glimpse of the then smartest man in Green Bay.

About three o'clock that afternoon a very respectable looking gentleman, book in hand, called, and thus addressed me:

"Mr. Gotthold, I presume?"

I answered, of course, in the affirmative. "Will you be kind enough to give me your full name?"

Visions of a long editorial in the native paper flashed through my mind, giving in detail the account of how I had saved the horse; or possibly they wanted to engrave it on a medal, which would be presented to me by the S. P. C. A.

Of course I gave it in full, viz., "E. Milton Gotthold." With a bow and many thanks he took his departure, but not before I had asked him if I could get the paper before I left town. His answer was: "Of course the paper will be served early in the morning."

Morning came and the company was at the depot ready to leave for the next town, when sure enough I received the paper. The article read as follows:

Jake Grubenstein }  
E. Milton Gotthold, }  
To cutting one pair traces.....\$ .58  
Cost of attachment.....47  
Total.....\$1.05

I had to pay it, so I handed the reporter—city marshal, I mean—a ten dollar bill, receiving from him \$5.25 in change, with his hopes that we parted good friends. He was but doing his duty. So I assured him I was of a very forgiving nature, telling him also that I was very anxious to leave, and wondering why the train did not start, as the time was up.

At last came the cry "All aboard!" from the conductor, and in a moment we were rattling away at a speed of 14 miles an hour, which is quick time for railroads out in that part of the country.

On arriving at the next town, one of the company remarked to me that I gave up that \$4.75 easier than he could or would have done, and swore that I parted friends with the officer, whereas he would have knocked him down.

Thereupon I proved that he was indeed my friend, as he had taken from me the worst counterfeit ten dollar bill I ever saw, thus rewarding me to the amount of \$5.25 for the first and only heroic act of my minstrel life.

## Edwards on Amateurs.

T. R. Edwards, the gentlemanly assistant at French & Son's, discoursed as follows to a reporter the other day, concerning the amateurs and his employee's business.

The reporter queried: "How many plays are there from which you can select for amateurs?"

"Over ten thousand. We can furnish all the plays that were ever published—some of them as old as the year 1600."

"What characters are generally selected by amateurs?"

"As a rule they all want the prominent parts. There is no scarcity of Juliets, Rosalinds, and Paulines among the young women, or of Romeos, Othellos, Iagos, and Coriolanus among the young men. If they select society plays they all want good parts. They are emphatically opposed to the star system. The regular dramatic societies keep their members down a little, but they have a system of rotation that brings all the members forward."

"Do amateurs affect particular lines?"

"Oh, yes. It is very common thing for

them to send for a line of Irish or other comic characters."

"Do you find that private theatricals as an amusement are becoming more popular?"

"Undoubtedly. The literature of the subject is now quite extensive. There are not only many varieties of plays, but there are books showing how to organize societies, books of make up, books of scenery, books of costumes, and books descriptive of the dramatic art. By means of wide advertising these are known all over the country, and widely sold."

"Opportunities?"

"There are neat little oppertettas, suitable to be produced in parlors, with but little outlay for scenery or dresses. Musical talent is on the alert for this sort of thing."

"What of stage effects for private theatricals?"

"Oh, we can get up a very impressive thunderstorm for a trifling cost. Not only will the thunder roll, but the most vivid flashes of lightning will play on the stage without setting fire to the house."

"Stage jewelry?"

"You should see the gorgeous tiara of diamonds that can be purchased for trifling cost. They get up Cleopatra now very cheap, there is such a demand for her. To get up one Cleopatra is very expensive, but when you want a hundred or so a year the cost is trifling."

"How do amateurs decide what plays they will present?"

"They send committees to look over the list. They see some title that strikes them favorably. Then they read over the plays until they get one that will be acceptable to the company. We had one company a year or two ago that played The Poor Gentleman before a religious audience. Some of the spinsters were dreadfully scandalized at the jokes of a hundred years ago. It was an old fashioned Englishman that got them into it."

"Do not the authors sometimes object to the amateurs using their plays?"

"Yes; there are several plays much sought by amateurs that they have been prevented from playing. One of these was Home, well suited for a parlor play, which was owned by Mr. Wallack. He stopped several amateur companies from producing it. Diplomacy was another play of that kind."

## PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

—Charles Forbes has returned to Chicago.

—Ben Stern starts for San Francisco today.

—J. H. Haverly will arrive in New York about July 5.

—Mr. Maguire has written a play which is highly spoken of by those who know.

—May Livingston, formerly of The Tourists, has not settled anything for next season.

—Alfred McDowell made a great hit in Evansville last week. He goes with Mrs. Oates next season.

—A. H. Archer goes with The Fords next season, playing Botheration. A musical comedy play.

—Sophia Hummel, the contralto, made a decided hit in Giorle-Giorla at the Aquarium last week.

—G. W. Demerest, primo basso, formerly with the Grau opera troupe, goes with Mrs. Oates next season.

—John P. Smith is getting out some new printing, which he says "is not too nice, but just nice enough."

—Cablegrams from Leavitt indicate that he is engaging the greatest burlesque troupe ever seen in America.

—W. C. Mitchell, manager of Our Goblins, knows everybody on the Square, and has a pleasant smile for all.

—Woman's Faith is by Walter E. Fitzhenry, and not by Miss Agnes Leonard, as stated by various newspapers.

—Amelia Hubert has met with much success as leading lady with McDowell, and is highly spoken of by the press.

—C. H. McConnell will come to New York and lend his presence to the departure of the Mastodon to England, July 7.

—The Widow Bedott party have struck a gold mine in Denver. It was not in the ground, but every night at the theatre.

—Maude Granger and Emily Rigl go out for the season in a new play, entitled Two Nights in Rome. Tracy Titus is their manager.

—Can such things be? That man Graves is going to try it again! Will his shoes never wear out? Will actors never tire working for nothing?

—Alice Sherwood was very handsome and very acceptable in the Boarding House at Niblo's last week. She is a pleasant addition to the metropolitan stage.

—Jerry Stevens, who went to England with Rankin's Danites, returned home last week well pleased with his trip, but says America hereafter is good enough for him.

—Macaulay's Theatre, Louisville, has changed hands, and the popular Barney Macaulay will not manage it next season. He will give his entire attention to acting.

—E. A. McDowell has met with much success in Winnipeg. He is now negotiating with Master Dunn and the principal members of Haverly's Juvenile Pinafore co. for

four weeks of "Baby Opera." Mr. Haverly has consented to their going for a Summer season.

—William Fitzgerald, the tenor and light comedian formerly with the Baby party, goes with the Favorites next season, the co. of which Alice Oates is the leading figure.

—Freddie Parsons, a young and attractive lady who has appeared very favorably in amateur circles the past season, has received an offer to travel with one of our best combinations.

—Charles Forbes has made an engagement for three years with Ben Cotton and his child to produce the drama True Devotion. Mr. Cotton is well known and very popular through the West.

—There are to be extensive changes made in the Bijou Opera House company next season, which will strengthen it musically. A little strengthening dramatically would be fully as acceptable.

—P. S. Thomas, at present principal agent of Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, will represent the advance interests of J. M. Hickey the coming season, for his company playing A Flock of Geese.

—D. B. Hodges has set sail for old England in advance of the Mastodon. Haverly has a happy faculty for selecting admirable aids, and in D. B. he has a prize. He carries his hatchet with him.

—Anna Dickinson will, it is reported, reappear upon the stage in the Autumn in her play, A Crown of Thorns. The scene of her new play, intended for Miss Davenport, is laid in Russia; the time is fifty years ago, and the heroine is an English Jewess.

—William Foote, the manager of Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels, has shown by his executive ability in the preparations for the departure of the troupe for England, July 7, that he was born to command, and that great enterprises seem to develop his reserve force.

—Mant Hanley has been hard at work fixing things for the Harrison's next season, and the result of his energetic labors are most satisfactory. Photos, their piece by Woolf, the author of the Mighty Dollar, is said to surpass all the other compositions of its class in fun and jollity.

—James Collins, manager of Henck's Opera House, Cincinnati, is filling time with some of the strongest European and American attractions. He reports that the theatre will open on or about Aug. 21, and when completed will be one of the largest and handsomest in the West.

—Among the American theatrical folks that registered at the American Exchange in London during the week ending June 16, were Harry Lee, E. M. Holland, Henry C. Jarrett, Alice Chandos, C. A. Chizzola, Courtney Barnes, Henry E. Abbey and wife, James G. Peakes and Eben Plympton.

—The contents of the Olympic Theatre were sold at auction on the 23d and mainly purchased by managers of variety theatres. In a few days Mr. Rothschild, who recently purchased the real estate for \$133,000, will pull the theatre down and build a large millinery establishment, consisting of factory and store.

—Hazel Kirke passed last evening its 150th consecutive performance at the Madison Square Theatre. The 200th performance will occur August 19. Mr. Mackaye, overcome by the hard work of the past six months, has retired temporarily from the part of Squire Rodney, which character is enacted in a thoroughly creditable manner by Henry Aveling, late Mr. Bandmann's leading man. Nearly 4,000 lbs. of ice are used nightly in cooling the auditorium.

—We learn that Will E. Chapman has secured for the Kate Thayer Concert Co. Curtis' Original Spanish Students. This co. is said to be composed of thorough musicians, and they do a number of solos on various instruments, in addition to a high class of concerted music, and are sure to become very popular throughout the country. Kate Thayer, the soprano, who made so decided a success wherever she appeared last season, and other artists will combine to make this organization one of the strongest concert hall attractions for next season.

## THE HARRISONS.

The Leading Musical Comedy company of America under the management of MARTIN W. HANLEY, Y., presenting an original musical eccentric comedy by

R. E. WOOLF.

Author of "Mighty Dollar," "Millions," etc., entitled

## "PHOTOS."

The company now forming will soon be complete, and will be composed of artists of exceptional excellence. So far included

MISS ALICE HARRISON.

MR. LOUIS HARRISON.

MR. R. L. GRAHAM.

MISS CARRIE DANIELS.

MISS THERESA WOOD.

MR. HENRY WARREN and

MR. ALFRED L. SIMPSON.

For time and terms please address

MARTIN W. HANLEY.

Ryan's Union Place Hotel, New York

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of The Mirror Newspaper Company of New York, for the election of officers for the ensuing year will be held at the office of the company, No. 12 Union Square, on Tuesday, July 13, 1880, at 12 o'clock M.

HARRISON GREY FISKE, Sec'y.

## THE YOUNG AMERICAN HAMLET.

1880—SECOND SEASON OF THE TALENTED YOUNG TRAGEDIAN—1881.

## MR. FREDERICK PAULDING,

who last year received the highest encomiums of the Press for his masterly impersonations of Shakespearean and other legitimate roles, and has just

COMPLETED HIS SECOND BRILLIANT NEW YORK ENGAGEMENT AT THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

in a romantic drama entitled "THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE," in which the character of PAUL DANGLARS, as personated by him, received an

ENDORSEMENT BY THE NEW YORK PRESS that stamps him the "LEADING YOUNG TRAGEDIAN" of the age.

NEWSPAPER NOTICES.

He has achieved an encouraging success in one of the most deficient of roles—N. Y. EXPRESS.

He grew to the exigencies of his position until his triumph was good—N. Y. WORLD.

Quite lost himself in the character, and as a consequence carried away his audience—GRAPHIC.

He is a person of most decided genius. He is destined to occupy the first rank on the stage—N. Y. MIRROR.

A young man of keen intelligence, quick, unerring emotions, and a large amount of histrionic talent—STAR.

That he successfully met the expectation of the audience was proven by the frequent bursts of applause he received—TELEGRAM.

He is young and very good-looking. He is a decided success—SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

He has justified the good opinion formed of his ability on the first night of his appearance—HERALD.

REPERTOIRE.

HAMLET—POOL'S REVENGE—ROMEO AND JULIET—MACBETH—LADY OF LYONS—MERCHANT OF VENICE—WIFE'S SECRET AND THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE, the latest New York success.

THE COMPANY will include only ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged dramatic ability and reputation.

Address all business communications.

H. C. SMART, 12 Union Square.



## THE CURRIE FARCE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH BARRYMORE—CORRUPTION OF THE JURY—THE INSIDE WORKINGS OF THE TRIAL EXPOSED.

(New York Star.)

The unprovoked and dastardly murder of Benjamin C. Porter by the ruffian Jim Currie, in Marshall, Texas, in March, 1879, is still unavenged, and the scoundrel who committed the foul deed is again at large and ready to repeat his performance, having been found not guilty, on the ground of insanity, by a Texas jury. The atrocity of the crime shocked the whole country, and speedy justice was demanded. The better class of residents of Marshall were indignant at the stigma which had been cast upon their city. The facts of the case, very briefly, are these: Mr. Benjamin C. Porter and Mr. Maurice Barrymore, in company with Miss Cummins, all members of the dramatic profession, had just concluded an engagement in Marshall and were taking luncheon in the railroad restaurant, waiting for their train, when Currie, who is known as a desperado and bully throughout that whole section, entered and insulted the lady, shot and killed Mr. Porter, and shot and dangerously wounded Mr. Barrymore.

The trial of Currie was put off from time to time, but was finally begun on the 10th of June, and terminated in nine days. The jury remained out just five minutes, and found Currie not guilty on the ground of insanity. He was allowed to leave the court a free man, and was warmly congratulated by a number of officials of the Texas Pacific Railroad and others, and it is stated that he treated several of the jurors so well that they had to be taken home by their friends.

A Star reporter saw Mr. Maurice Barrymore, who was the principal witness for the prosecution, last evening, and asked him for his views of the trial and the reasons why justice miscarried so terribly.

Mr. Barrymore said: "Yes, I will tell you the whole story, for I think it should be made known to the public. Poor Porter was brutally murdered, and his murderer is to day as free as you or I. I went down to testify on the trial not unwillingly, but I was urged by many friends and others not to go down and testify. The people there were glad to see me, and expressed the hope that Currie would get his deserts, and that the trial would be fairly and impartially conducted. The feeling among the better class of citizens was that justice should be dealt out to the murderer, but at the same time the bitter feeling which was apparent at the time of the murder had died out. Judge Bandy presided and acted most impartially. District Attorney Spivey assisted by Messrs. Steadman conducted the prosecution with ability and vigor and it was no fault of his that Currie escaped. The trouble was with the jury, who were undoubtedly bought up."

"A panel of sixty jurors was exhausted, and only four jurors were selected. A second panel of sixty was summoned, and among the sixty persons summoned there were eleven murderers or persons who had killed one or more men. Mr. Spivey ascertained the character of the men summoned as jurors, and he informed the counsel for the defense that the plot was too palpable. He demanded that the entire panel should be quashed, as it was quite clear that the Marshalls who had the summoning of the jury had selected a lot of scoundrels who were known to be friendly to Currie. The panel was quashed, but the very same Marshalls who had proved themselves so recreant in the selection of the previous sixty were permitted to choose the next panel. This was the mistake made by the prosecution, but it was a grave one, and it was increased by the fact that these very same Marshalls had absolute charge of the jury during the trial, took them to their meals and remained with them over night. It was an easy matter for any one to approach and purchase the jurors, and I have been credibly informed that friends of Currie bought up the jurors. The jury was made up of the dirtiest and most miserable looking fellows I ever saw. They were what might be termed yokels and were possessed of neither brains nor intelligence. The trial caused a great deal of excitement in the town. While it was in progress Mr. Spivey and myself understood that a man named McCarthy, styling himself an actor, had come from Quincy, Ill., to testify to some absurd conversation which he said I had with him about the case. This Mr. McCarthy had put up at a hotel with a female, and registered as Mr. McCarthy and wife. On cross-examination, which was very cleverly conducted by Mr. Spivey, who held imaginary dispatches in his hand from the Chief of Police of Quincy, McCarthy admitted that he was not a married man, that he was a gambler by occupation, that his chief business was working the three card monte swindle, and that his fare was paid by the defense to come on and testify."

"The evidence for the prosecution was strong and convincing, and any twelve honest men should have convicted Currie. The chief witnesses were Miss Cummins, Mr. Harvey, the keeper of the restaurant, where the murder was committed, and myself. The evidence for the defense was nearly all suborned, and the greater part of it was absolutely false. They put in evidence the testimony of a colored man named L. T. Moore, who failed to appear in court. His testimony was taken by interrogatories when he lived only a few miles away. Every word of this fellow's evidence was false. He swore that he was present at the shooting, and that he saw Mr. Porter draw a pistol, and that I drew a knife on Currie before he fired. He also swore that he picked up Currie's pistol after the affair. The pistol, bearing the initials B. C. P., was produced in court. Every word of this fellow's testimony was downright perjury. Mr. Porter never carried a pistol and did not have one with him, or draw one that day, and I did not have or use a knife, and lastly there was no colored man present during the affair. This was one of the chief witnesses for the defense, and two men whom he mentioned as references for his truthfulness were called to the stand by the prosecution, and swore that they would not believe him under oath, as they knew him to be a liar and a man of bad character. The defense finding that their client was in a bad way decided to try the insanity dodge, and accordingly sought to make out that Currie was insane at the time he murdered Mr. Porter. They put a

medical expert named Dr. Ford, of Shreveport, on the stand, who testified that in his opinion Currie was insane. On cross-examination, the doctor said he did not know what delirium tremens meant. He knew what delirium was, but he never heard of the word tremens. He also admitted that he never heard of or read 'Taylor's Medical Jurisprudence.' The doctor was hopelessly at sea when asked questions about insanity. His testimony was flatly contradicted by Dr. Dyle, Dr. Johnson and other respectable physicians of Marshall.

"Counsel for Currie, in summing up his case made a long, violent and blackguardly attack on the stage. He went so far as to tell the jury that all actors were little better than pimps, and actresses little better than prostitutes. He hinted to the jury that it was a good thing that actors should be killed, and that Currie should be praised for his action instead of punished. Mr. Spivey made a warm appeal to the jury for justice to the murdered man, and demanded that Currie be convicted for the atrocious crime. He might as well have been talking to a lot of sticks or stones."

"The judge delivered an impartial charge which he read from his manuscript, taking over half an hour in its delivery. He gave the charge to the jury and they retired, and in less than five minutes returned to court with a verdict of 'not guilty, on the ground of insanity.' The court room was crowded, and when the verdict was announced a dead silence prevailed for a few moments, and then some one laughed and said: 'Well, by thunder.' The spectators were amazed and dumfounded. The decent portion of the people felt that they were outraged and humiliated by such a verdict, and throughout the city there was a feeling of indignation. Men said to each other:

"'Well, what will people say of us now? It was bad enough before, but this beats all. It is disgraceful to all of us.' After the brief silence in the court-room, dozens of men rushed up to Currie and shook him warmly by the hand, congratulating him. Among those who warmly embraced him were four or five officials of the Texas Pacific Railroad Company."

"Andy Currie, a brother of the murderer, walked up to me and held out his hand. I drew back, and he said:

"'I want you to shake hands with my brother Jim.' I said: 'I'll shake hands with you, as I believe you are a decent fellow, but with that murderer, never.'"

"'You won't bury the hatchet, then?' he asked. 'No,' I replied; 'I have no hatchet to bury. I know that a brutal murder has been done, and the man who did it is allowed to go free.'"

"What then occurred in court?" asked the reporter.

"Nothing," he responded. "Currie walked off a free man, surrounded by a number of friends, and I heard that he and several of the jurors went drinking together. I want to be put on record as saying that in my judgment the Texas Pacific Railroad officials are responsible for the murder of Porter. Currie was a well-known desperado and murderer, and they hired him as engine driver. When his drunken habits prevented his being put in charge of an engine he was discharged, but Superintendent Noble took him under his wing and made him a special detective for the company and supplied him with firearms. It looks as if they encourage their employees to shoot down in cold blood, in their own depots the passengers who support their line. I have also heard that the funds necessary to the defense of the murderer were supplied by officials of this same company. That is the whole story of this remarkable trial, and I leave it to the public to say whether the verdict was a just, a fair or an honest one."

## The Voice of the Texas Press.

(Daily Arkansas Gazette.)

While we think the acquittal of Currie, the murderer of Porter, was a great outrage upon justice and enlightened public opinion, yet we protest against the gross wrong and injustice of holding the whole State and people of Texas responsible for that outrage. The wrong was done by only twelve men, and they perhaps from the lowest and most ignorant class of one community, when the dominant sentiment of the intelligent and law-abiding classes, which constitute the great majority of the people, was opposed to the verdict, and would have hailed the conviction of the accused with pleasure and gratification. The acquittal of Currie was due, no doubt, to a defect in the laws of criminal jurisprudence, which exist not only in Texas, but in every other State in the Union—and that is the defect which disqualifies as competent jurors the intelligent and reading classes of every community. Under existing laws, it is hard to get a jury on any noted criminal case from those men, constituting the most intelligent class of society, who read the newspapers and discuss current topics. It is enough for a man to have read or heard any of the alleged circumstances of a criminal case to disqualify him to sit as a juror in that case. The consequence is that, in nine times out of ten every important criminal case is tried by a jury of ignorant and illiterate men. And this defect is not at all peculiar to Texas, but is common to every State in the Union.

But suppose, for the sake of the argument, that the people of Marshall sympathized with and approved the verdict of acquittal in Currie's case; is that any just reason that we should brand the whole State of Texas as lawless, and denounce her people as sympathizers with murder and murderers? By no means. The newspapers of Texas have denounced Currie and his crime with as much vehemence as the most puritanical sheet in New England could have done; and, without one solitary exception, the verdict of acquittal in his case has been deprecated and deplored by the entire press of the State.

Let us be just and reasonable in this matter, and let us visit upon the whole State and entire people of Texas the condemnation that is due only to twelve ignorant men whom the defects of the law clothed with duties and responsibilities above their mental and moral capacity to intelligently discharge, and who perhaps in their ignorance acted according to their crude and imperfect convictions of duty. It is a bad enough case anyhow; let us not try to make it worse by visiting wholesale condemnation upon its innocent victims—the people of Texas.

(Editorial in Houston Daily Telegram.)

That the finding of the Currie jury at Marshall, and their turning loose the man who brutally shot down a gentleman because the latter tried to protect a lady under his charge, has aroused indignation not only among the better class of the people of Texas but throughout the United States,

there is as little doubt as that the murder of Porter was one of the most cowardly and beastly ever committed.

The excuse on which the Marshal jury acquitted Currie—that of insanity—is, from all the evidence in the case, one of the most transparent, puerile and absolutely ridiculous ever entertained in any community claiming to be civilized, and it will be so regarded throughout the country, which has been intently watching this as a test whether a Texas court is indeed capable of punishing a most brutal murder when the murderer is backed by money and influential friends. \* \* Outside the state the Currie finding will damage Texas to the extent of millions. It will be accepted as practical proof of the oft repeated charge that there is no protection for life in Texas; that bullies and "roughs" can shoot down whom they please and not be punished; that, as a people, we endorse and excuse murder, even if the victim is slain because he defends a woman's sacred honor. \* \* \*

Nor is this all. The Currie verdict will be seized upon by the Republican press all over the Northern and Eastern States and held up as a sample of Democratic rule, as an illustration of how the laws are executed in a state boasting 100,000 Democratic majority; as a specimen of what may be expected in the Federal courts if the Democracy are placed in power in the United States. This result must be looked for and met, if possible; and to this end we call upon the press throughout the state to denounce the iniquity as it deserves. Let the press speak out and give clear expression to the true sentiment of our people. Let it be known far and wide that we neither sanction such a crime nor sympathize with the maudlin sentiment (if nothing worse) which would condone it on such a flimsy pretext.

M. Emile Bayard is commissioned with the task of decorating the public foyer of the New Palais Royal. Among other ornamentation there will be grouped in two large panels more than eighty figures of the principal artists who have appeared within the walls of the old theatre, including Patier, Samson, Geoffrey, Monthars, Delazet, Ravel and Tousseit.

The funeral of J. R. Planché took place at Brompton Cemetery. Among those present, in addition to the mourners, were Messrs. Irving, Tom Taylor, W. S. Gilbert, Palgrave Simpson, Dion Boucicault, Henry Neville, E. L. Blanchard, German Reed, George Grossmith, and Corney Grain. The burial service was read by the Rev. T. A. Carr, Vicar of Cranbrook, and the Rev. Dr. Cox.

Mr. Mapleson's opera season in London seems to have been largely occupied so far with experiments, not all of them very wise. He has been fortunate, however, in the engagement of the German soprano, Lillie Lehman, who personated one of the Rhine Daughters, and also one of the Valkyries in the Wagner performance at Bayreuth in 1876, and was greatly admired in the remarkable company of artists gathered there.

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